THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Founded A° D¹ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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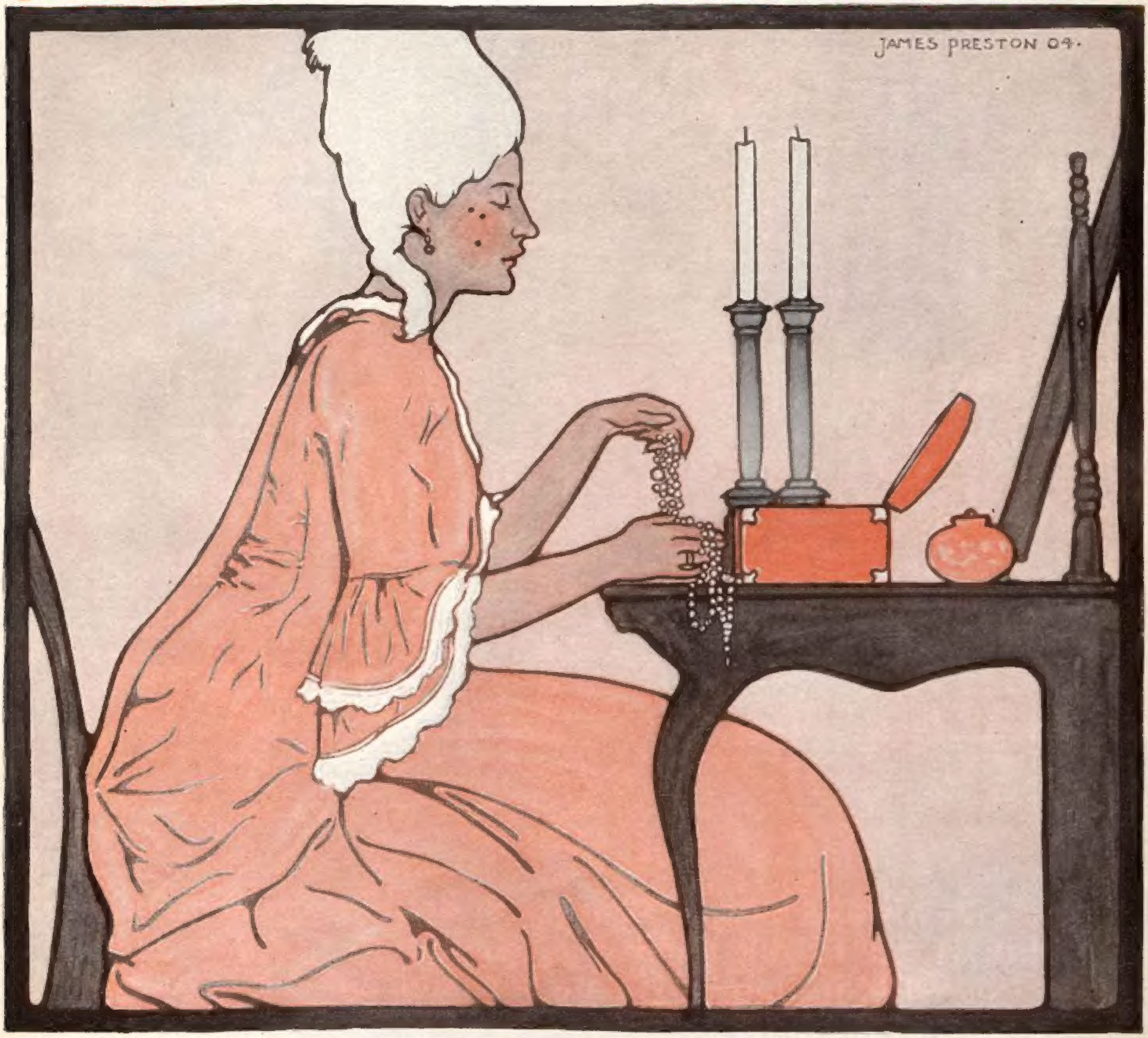
JAMES PRESTON 04.

The Mystery of the Five Hundred Diamonds

BY ROBERT BARR

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

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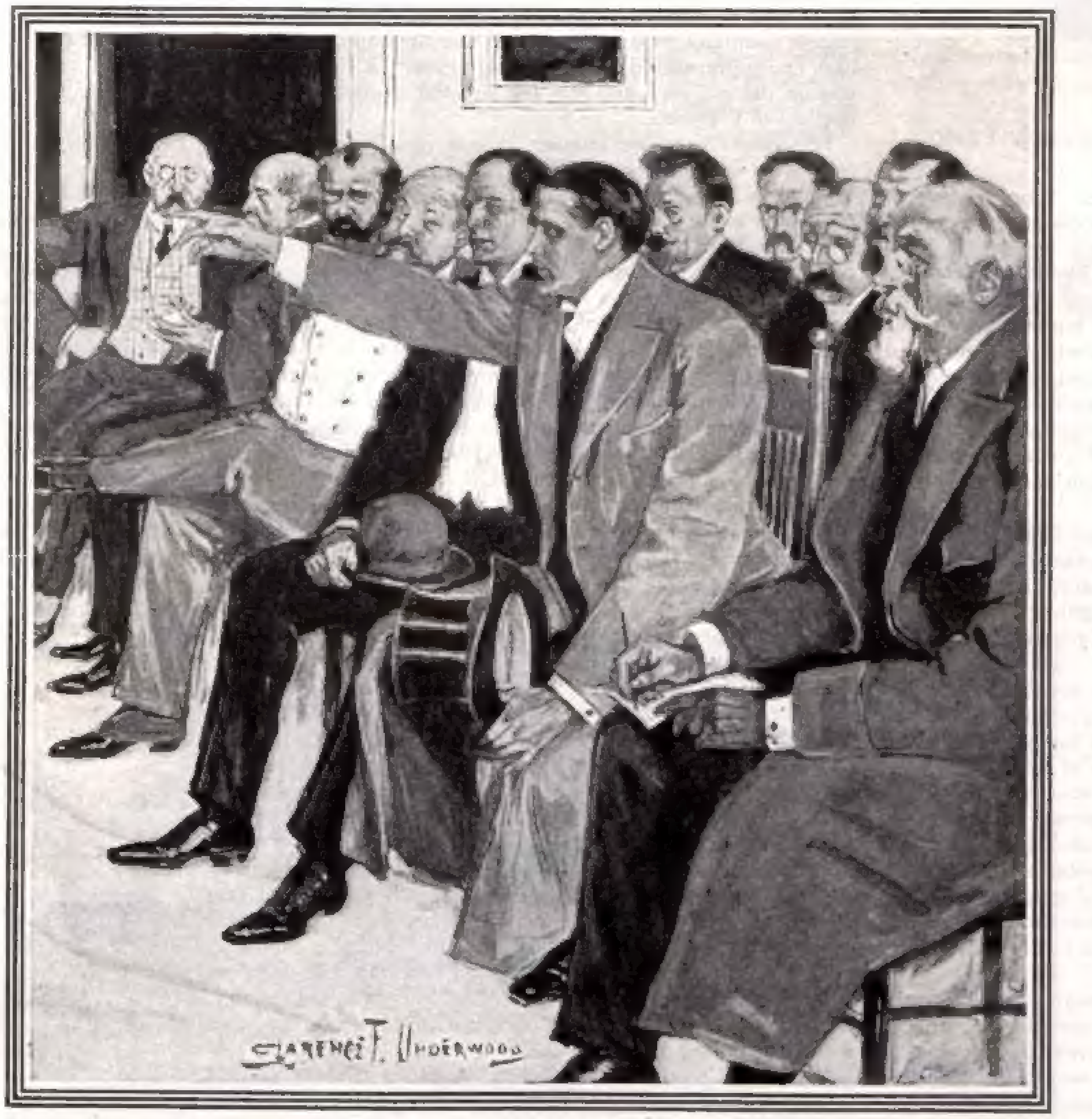
THE MYSTERY OF THE FIVE HUNDRED DIAMONDS

An Account of the Further Adventures of the Marie Antoinette Necklace

By ROBERT BARR



"ONE MILLION DOLLARS"

WHEN I say I am called Valmont the name will convey no impression to the reader one way or another. My profession is that of private detective in London, and my professional name differs from that which I have just given you, but if you ask any policeman in Paris who Valmont was he will likely be able to tell you unless he is a recent recruit. If you ask him where Valmont is now he may not know, yet I have a good deal to do with the Parisian police.

For a period of seven years I was chief detective to the Government of France, and if I am unable to prove myself a great crime hunter it is because the record of my career is in the secret archives of Paris.

I may say at the outset that I have no grievances to air. The French Government considered itself justified in dismissing me, and it did so. In this action it was quite within its right, and I should be the last to dispute that right, but, on the other hand, I consider myself justified in publishing the following account of what actually occurred, especially as so many false rumors have been put abroad concerning the case. However, as I said at the beginning, I have no grievance, because my worldly affairs are now much more prosperous than they were in Paris, my intimate knowledge of that city and the country of which it is the capital having brought to me many cases with which I have dealt more or less successfully since I established myself in London.

Without further preliminary I shall at once plunge into an account of the case which a few years ago riveted the attention of the whole world.

The year 1893 was a prosperous twelve months for France. The weather was good, the harvest excellent, and the wine of that vintage is celebrated to this day. Every one was well off and reasonably happy, a marked contrast to the state of things a few years later, when dissension rent the country in twain.

Newspaper readers may remember that in '93 the Government of France fell heir to an unexpected treasure which set the whole civilized world agog, especially those inhabitants of it who are interested in historical relics. This was the finding of the diamond necklace in the Château de Chaumont, where it had lain for a century in a rubbish heap of an attic. I believe it has not been questioned that this was the veritable necklace which the court jeweler, Boehmer, hoped to sell to Marie Antoinette, although how it came to be in the Château de Chaumont no one has been able to form even a conjecture. For a century it was supposed that the necklace had been broken up in London, and its five hundred stones, great and small, sold separately. It has always seemed strange to me that the Countess de Lamotte-Valois, who was thought to have profited by the sale of these jewels, should not have abandoned France if she possessed money to leave, for exposure was inevitable if she remained. Indeed, she was imprisoned, and afterward was dashed to death from the third story of a London house, when, in the direst poverty, she sought to escape from the consequences of debt.

I am not superstitious in the least, yet this celebrated piece of treasure trove seems actually to have exerted a malign influence over every one who had the misfortune to be connected with it. Indeed, in a small way, I who write these words met dismissal and disgrace though I caught but one glimpse of this dazzling scintillation of jewels. The jeweler who made it met financial ruin; the Queen for whom it was constructed was beheaded; that highborn Prince Louis René Edouard Cardinal de Rohan, who purchased it, was flung into prison; the unfortunate Countess who said she acted as go-between clung for five awful minutes to a London window-sill before dropping to her death on the flags below; and now, a hundred and eight years later, up comes this devil's display of fireworks to the light again.

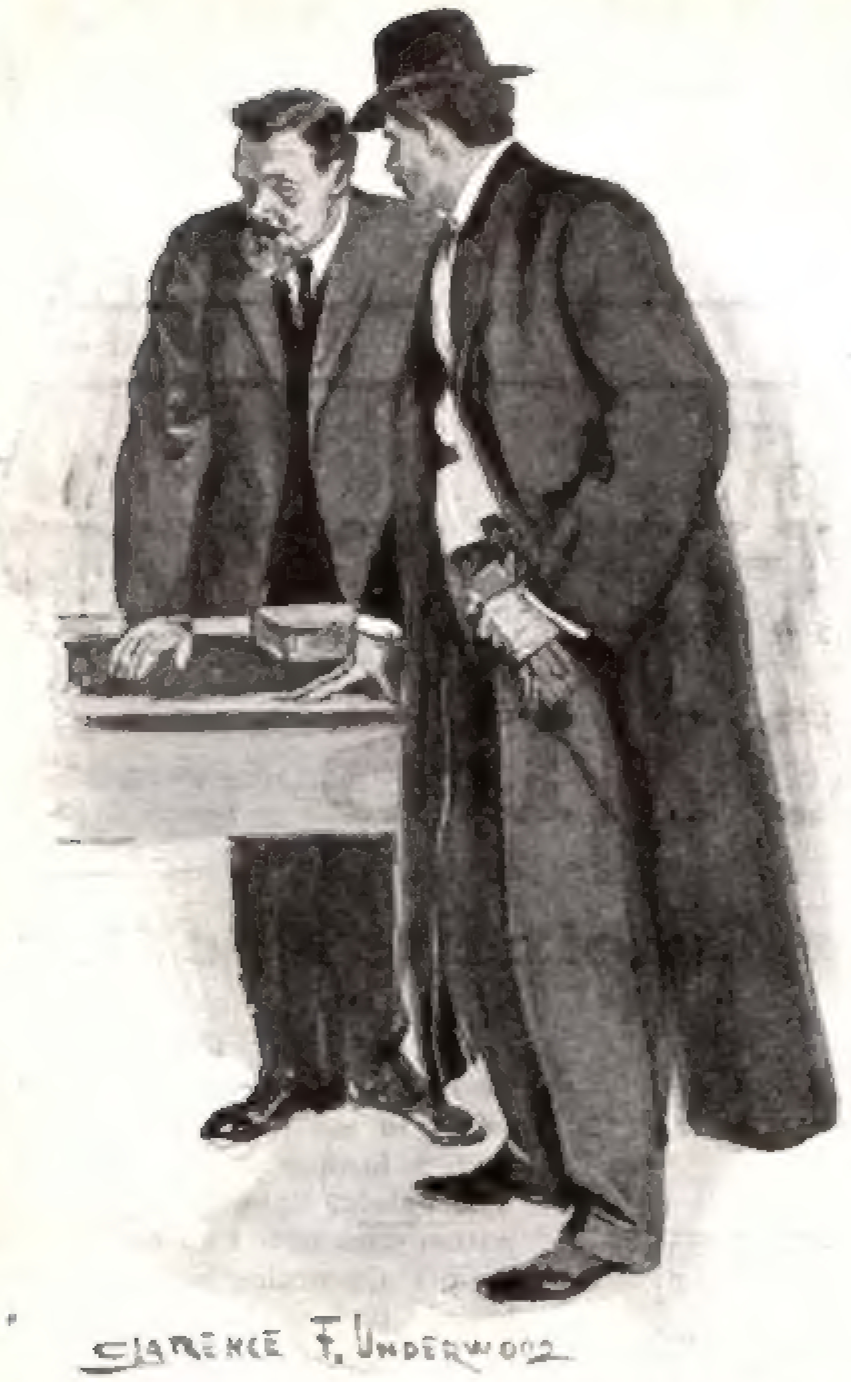
Droullaird, the workingman who found the ancient box, seems to have pried it open, and, ignorant though he was—he had probably never seen a diamond in his life before—realized that a fortune was in his grasp. The baleful lights from the combination must have sent madness into his brain, working havoc therein as though they were those mysterious rays which scientists have recently discovered. He might quite easily have walked out the main gate of the château unsuspected and unquestioned with the diamonds concealed about his person, but, instead of this, he crept from the attic window on to the steep roof, slipped to the eaves, dropped and lay dead with a broken neck, while the necklace, intact, shimmered in the sunlight beside his body.

No matter where these jewels had been found, the Government had doubtless the first claim upon them; but as the Château de Chaumont was a historical monument and the property of France there could be no question to whom the necklace belonged. The Government at once claimed it and ordered it to be sent by a trustworthy military man to Paris. It was carried safely and delivered promptly to the authorities by Alfred Dreyfus, a young captain of artillery, to whom its custody had been intrusted.

In spite of its fall from the tall tower neither case nor jewels was perceptibly damaged. The lock of the box had apparently been forced by Droullaird's hatchet, or perhaps by the clasp knife found on his body. On reaching the ground the lid had flown open, and the necklace was thrown out.

I believe there was some discussion in the Cabinet regarding the late of this ill-omened trophy, one section wishing it to be placed in a museum on account of its historical interest, another advocating the breaking up of the necklace and the selling of the diamonds for what they would fetch. But a third party maintained that the method to get the most money into the coffers of the country was to sell the necklace as it stood, for as the world now contains so many rich amateurs who collect undoubted rarities regardless of expense, the historic associations of the jeweled collar would enhance the intrinsic value of the stones; and, this view prevailing, it was announced that the necklace would be sold by auction a month later in the rooms of Meyer, Renault et Cie., in the Boulevard des Italiens, near the Bank of the Crédit-Lyonnaise.

This announcement elicited much comment from the newspapers of all countries, and it seemed that from a financial point of view, at least, the decision of the Government had been wise, for it speedily became evident that a notable coterie of wealthy buyers would be congregated in Paris on the thirteenth, when the sale was to take place. But we of the inner circle were made aware of another result somewhat more disquieting, which was that the most expert criminals in the world were also gathering like vultures upon the fair



"YOU MUST NOT GIVE UP THE NECKLACE," I SAID

city. The honor of France was at stake. Whoever bought that necklace must be assured of a safe conduct out of the country. Whatever happened afterward we might view with equanimity, but while he was a resident of France his life and property must not be endangered. Thus it came about that I was given full authority to insure that neither murder nor theft nor both combined should be committed while the purchaser of the necklace remained within our boundaries, and for this purpose the police resources of France were placed unreservedly at my disposal. If I failed there should be no one to blame but myself; consequently, as I have remarked before, I do not complain of my dismissal by the Government.

The broken lock of the jewel-case had been very deftly repaired by an expert locksmith, who, in executing his task, was so unfortunate as to scratch a finger on the broken metal, whereupon blood poisoning set in, and although his life was saved he was dismissed from the hospital with one arm gone and his usefulness destroyed.

When the jeweler Boehmer made the necklace he asked £160,000 for it, but after years of disappointment he was content to sell it to Cardinal de Rohan for £64,000, to be liquidated in three installments, not one of which was ever paid. This latter amount was probably somewhere near the value of the five hundred and sixteen separate stones, one of which was of tremendous size, a very monarch of diamonds holding its court among seventeen brilliants each as large as a filbert. This iridescent concentration of wealth was in my care, and I had to see to it that no harm came to the necklace or to its prospective owner until they had safely crossed the boundaries of France.

The four weeks previous to the thirteenth proved a busy and anxious time for me. Thousands, most of whom were actuated by mere curiosity, wished to view the diamonds. We were compelled to discriminate, and sometimes discriminated against the wrong person, which caused unpleasantness. Three distinct attempts were made to rob the safe, but luckily these were frustrated, and so we came unscathed to the eventful thirteenth of the month.

The sale was to take place at two o'clock, and on the morning of that day I took the somewhat tyrannical precaution to have the more dangerous of our own criminals, and as many of the foreigners as I could trump up charges against, laid by the heels; yet I knew very well it was not these rascals I had to fear, but the suave, well-groomed gentlemen, amply supplied with unimpeachable credentials, stopping at our fine hotels, and living like princes. Many of these were foreigners against whom we could prove nothing, and whose arrest might land us in temporary international difficulties. Nevertheless, I had each of them shadowed, and on the morning of the thirteenth if one of them had even disputed a cab fare I should have had him in prison half an hour later, and taken the consequences; but these gentlemen are very shrewd, and do not commit mistakes.

I made up a list of all the men in the world who were able or likely to purchase the necklace. Many of them would not be in person at the auction-rooms; their bidding would be done by agents. This simplified matters a good deal, for the agents kept me duly informed of their purposes, and, besides, an agent who handles treasure every week is an adept at the business, and does not need the protection which must surround an amateur, who, in nine cases out of ten, has but scant idea of the dangers that threaten him, beyond knowing that if he goes down a dark street in a dangerous quarter he is likely to be maltreated and robbed.

There were no less than sixteen clients, all told, whom we learned were to attend personally on the day of the sale, any one of whom might well have made the purchase. The Marquis of Warlingham and Lord Oxtead from England were well-known jewel fanciers, while at least half a dozen millionaires were expected from the United States, with a smattering from Germany, Austria and Russia, and one each from Italy, Belgium and Holland.

Admission to the auction-rooms was allowed by ticket only, to be applied for at least a week in advance, applications to be accompanied by satisfactory testimonials. It would possibly have surprised many of the rich men collected there to know that they sat cheek by jowl with some of the most noted thieves of England and America; but I allowed this for two reasons: first, I wished to keep these sharpers under my own eye until I knew who had bought the necklace; and secondly, I was desirous that they should not know they were suspected.

I had trusty men stationed outside on the Boulevard des Italiens, each of whom knew by sight most of the probable purchasers of the necklace. It was arranged that when the sale was over I should walk out to the Boulevard alongside the man who was the new owner of the diamonds, and from that moment until he quitted France my men were not to lose sight of him if he took personal custody of the stones instead of doing the sensible and proper thing of having them insured and forwarded to his residence by some responsible transit company, or depositing them in the bank. In fact, I took every precaution that occurred to me. All police Paris was on the *qui vive* and felt itself pitted against the scoundrelism of the world.

For one reason or another it was nearly half-past two before the sale began. There had been considerable delay because of forged tickets, and, indeed, each order of admittance was so closely scrutinized that this in itself took a good deal more time than we anticipated. Every chair was occupied, and still a number of the visitors had to stand. I stationed myself by the swinging doors at the entrance end of the hall, where I could command a view of the entire assemblage. Some of my men were standing with backs against the wall, whilst others were distributed amongst the chairs, all in plain clothes. During the sale the diamonds themselves were not displayed, but the box containing them rested in front of the auctioneer, and three policemen in uniform stood guard on either side.

Very quietly the auctioneer said that there was no need for him to expatiate on the notable character of the treasure he had to offer for sale, and with this preliminary he requested them to bid. Some one said twenty thousand francs, which was received with much laughter. Then the bidding went steadily on until it reached nine hundred thousand francs, which I knew to be less than half the reserve the Government had put upon the necklace. The contest advanced more slowly until the million and a half was touched, and there it hung fire for a time, while the auctioneer remarked that this sum did not equal that which the maker of the necklace had finally been forced to accept for it. After another pause he said that as the reserve was not exceeded the necklace would be withdrawn, and probably never again offered for sale. He therefore urged those who were holding back to make their bids. At this the contest livened until the sum of two million three hundred thousand francs had been offered, and now I knew the necklace would be sold. Nearing the three million mark the competition thinned down to a few dealers from Hamburg and the Marquis of Warlingham from England, when a voice that had not yet been heard in the auction-room said in a tone of some impatience:

"One million dollars."

There was an instant hush, then the scribbling of pencils, as each person there reduced the sum to its equivalent in his own currency: pounds for the English, francs for the French, marks for the German, and so on. The aggressive tone and the clear-cut face of the bidder proclaimed him an American, not less than the financial denomination he had used. In a moment it was realized that his bid was a clear leap of more than two million francs, and a sigh went up from the audience as if this settled it and the great sale was done. Nevertheless, the auctioneer's hammer hovered over the lid of his desk, and he looked up and down the long line of faces turned toward him. He seemed reluctant to tap the board, but there was no further price bid against this tremendous sum, and with a sharp click the mallet fell.

"What name?" he asked, bending toward the customer.

"Cash," replied the American; "here's the check for the amount. I'll take the diamonds with me."

"Your request is somewhat unusual," protested the auctioneer mildly.

"I know what you mean," interrupted the American; "you think the check may not be cashed. You will notice it is drawn on the Crédit-Lyonnaise, which is practically next door. I must have the jewels with me. Send round your messenger with the check: it will take only a few minutes to find out whether or not the money is there to meet it. The necklace is mine, and I insist on having it."

The auctioneer, with some demur, handed the check to the representative of the French Government who was present, and this official himself went to the bank. There were some other things to be sold, and the auctioneer endeavored to go on through the list, but no one paid the slightest attention to him.

Meanwhile, I was studying the countenance of the man who had made the astounding bid, when I should, instead, have adjusted my preparations to meet the new conditions now confronting me. Here was a man about whom we knew nothing whatever. I had come to the instant conclusion that he was a prince of criminals, and that some design, not at that moment fathomed by me, was on foot to get possession of the jewels. The handing up of the check was clearly a trick of some sort, and I fully expected the official to return and say the draft was good. I determined to prevent this man getting the case until I knew more of his game. Quietly I removed from my place, near the door to the auctioneer's desk, having two objects in view: first, to warn the auctioneer not to part with the treasure too easily; and secondly, to study the suspected man at closer range. Of all evildoers the American is most to be feared: he uses more ingenuity in the planning of his projects, and will take greater risks in carrying them out than any other malefactor on earth. From my new station I saw whom I had to deal with. The bidder had a keen, intellectual face, and refined, ladylike hands, clean and white, showing they had long been divorced from manual labor, if, indeed, they had ever done any useful work. Coolness and imperturbability were his beyond a doubt. The companion who sat at his right was of an entirely different stamp. His hands were hairy and sun-tanned; his face bore the stamp of grim determination and unflinching bravery. I knew that these two types usually hunted in couples, the one to scheme, the other to execute, and they always formed a combination dangerous to encounter and difficult to circumvent.

There was a buzz of conversation up and down the hall, and these two men talked together in low tones. I knew now that I was face to face with the most hazardous problem of my life.

I whispered to the auctioneer, who bent his head to listen. He knew very well who I was, of course.

"You must not give up the necklace," I said.

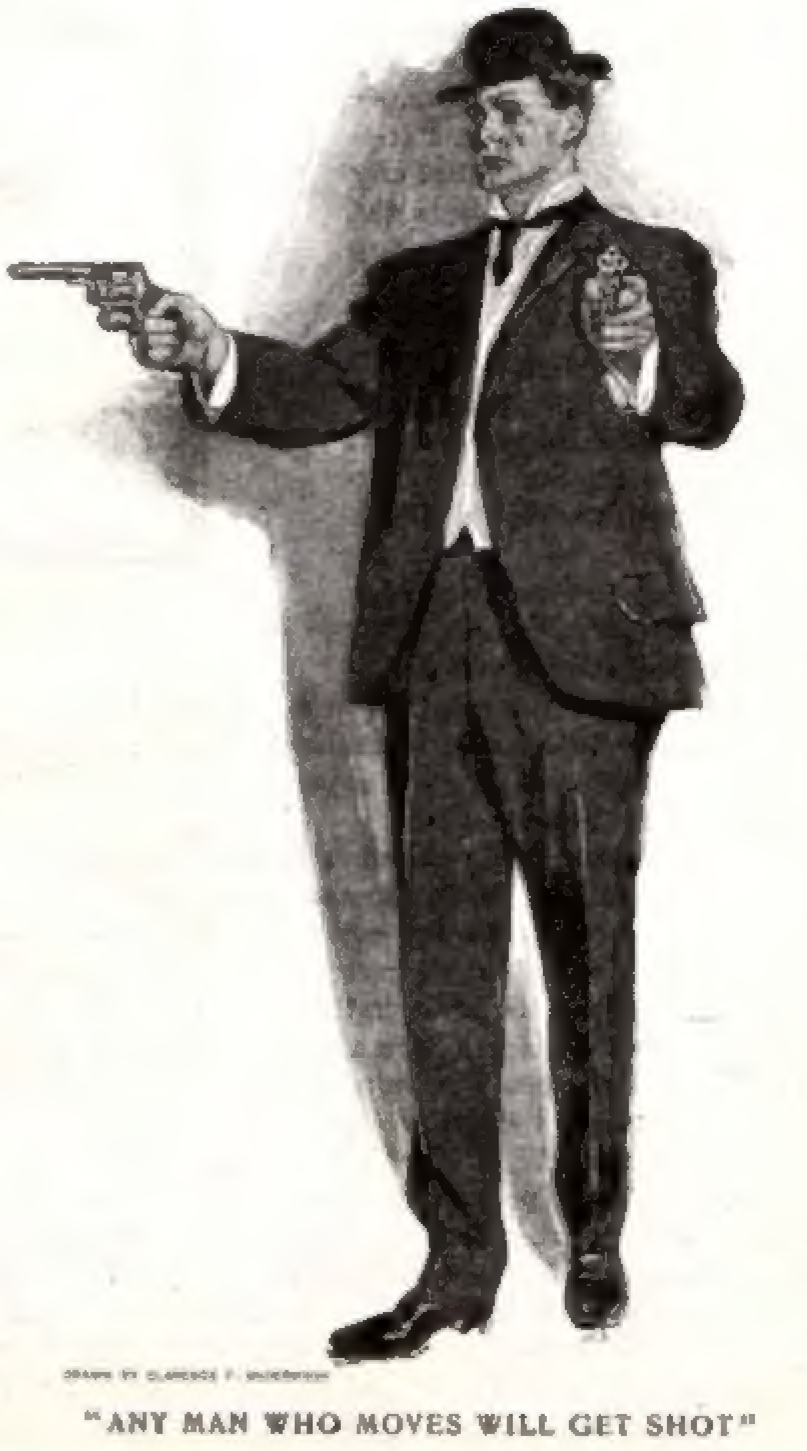
He shrugged his shoulders.

"I am under the orders of the official from the Ministry of the Interior. You must speak to him."

"I shall not fail to do so," I replied; "nevertheless, do not give up the box too readily."

"I am helpless," he said with another shrug; "I obey the orders of the Government."

Seeing it was useless to parley further with the auctioneer I set my wits at work to meet the new emergency. I felt convinced that the check would prove to be genuine, and that the fraud, wherever it lay, would be disclosed too late to be of service to the authorities. My duty, therefore, was to make sure we lost sight neither of the buyer nor the thing


DRAWN BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

"ANY MAN WHO MOVES WILL GET SHOT"

bought. Of course, I could not arrest him merely on suspicion; besides, it would make the Government the laughing-stock of the world if they were to sell a case of jewels and immediately arrest the buyer when they themselves had handed his purchase over to him; and ridicule kills in France. My duty, then, was to give the Government full warning, and never lose sight of my man until he was clear of France. Then my responsibility ended.

I took aside one of my own men in plain clothes and said to him:

"You have seen the man who has bought the necklace?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well. He is likely to emerge presently with the casket in his possession. You are not to lose sight of either the man or the jewels. I shall follow him and be close behind him as he emerges, and you are to shadow us. If he parts with the case you must be ready at a sign from me to follow either the man or the jewels. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," he answered, and left the room.

It is ever the unforeseen that baffles us: it is easy to be wise after the event. I should have sent two men—and I have often thought since how wise is the regulation of the Italian Government which sends out its policemen in pairs; or I should have given my man power to call for help; but even as it was he did only half as well as I had a right to expect of him, and—ah, well! there is no use in scolding. After all, the result might have been the same.

Just as my man disappeared through the two folding doors the official from the Ministry of the Interior entered. I intercepted him between the door and the auctioneer.

"Possibly the check appears to be genuine," I whispered to him.

"But certainly," he replied pompously. He was a man greatly impressed with his own importance, the character with whom it is always difficult to deal.

"I advise you strongly not to hand over the necklace as has been requested," I went on.

"Why?" he asked.

"Because I am convinced the bidder is a criminal."

"If you have proof of that arrest him."

"I have no proofs at the present moment, but I request you to delay the delivery of the goods."

"That is absurd," he cried impatiently. "The necklace is his, not ours. The money has already been transferred to the account of the Government: we cannot retain the five million francs and refuse to hand over to him what he has bought with them," and so the official left me standing there, nonplused and anxious. Then, with a bow and a flourish of the hand, he said dramatically:

"The jewels belong to monsieur."

The two Americans rose simultaneously, the taller holding out his hand, while the auctioneer passed to him the case he had apparently paid so highly for. The American nonchalantly opened the box, and for the first time the electric radiance of the jewels burst upon that audience, each member of which craned his neck to behold it. It seemed to me a most reckless thing to do. He examined the jewels minutely for a few moments, then snapped the lid shut again, and calmly put the box in his outside pocket; and I could not help noticing now that the light overcoat he wore had pockets made extraordinarily large, as if on purpose for this very case. And now this amazing man walked serenely down the room, past miscreants who would have joyfully cut his throat for even the smallest diamond in that conglomeration; yet he did not take the trouble to put his hand on the pocket which contained the case, or in any way attempt to protect it. The assemblage seemed stricken dumb at his audacity. His friend followed closely at his heels, and the tall man disappeared through the folding doors. Not so the other, however. He turned quickly, and whipped two revolvers out of his pocket, which he presented at the astonished crowd. There had been a movement on the part of every one to leave the room, but the sight of these deadly weapons confronting them made each one shrink into his place again.

The man with his back to the door spoke in a loud and domineering voice, asking the auctioneer to translate what he had to say into French and German—he spoke in English:

"These here shiners are valuable; they belong to my friend who has just gone out. Casting no reflections on the generality of people in this room, there are, nevertheless, half a dozen crooks among us whom my friend wishes to avoid. Now, no honest man here will object to giving the buyer of that there trinket five clear minutes in which to get away. It's only the crooks that can kick. I ask these five minutes as a favor, but if they are not granted I am going to take them as a right. Any man who moves will get shot."

"I am an honest man," I cried, "and I object. I am chief detective of the Government. Stand aside: the police will protect your friend."

"Hold on, my son," warned the American, turning one weapon directly upon me, while the other held a sort of roving commission pointing all over the room. "My friend is from New York, and he distrusts the police as much as he does the grafters. You may be twenty detectives, but if you move before that clock strikes three I'll bring you down, and don't you forget it."

It is one thing to face death in a fierce struggle, but quite another to advance coldly upon it toward the muzzle of a pistol held so steadily that there could be no chance of escape. The gleam of determination in the man's eye convinced me he meant what he said. I did not consider then, nor have I considered since, that the next five minutes, precious as they were, would be worth paying my life for. Apparently every one else was of my opinion, for none moved hand or foot until the clock slowly struck three.

"Thank you, gentlemen," said the American, as he vanished between the spring door. When I say vanished I mean that word and no other, because my men outside saw nothing of this individual then or later.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

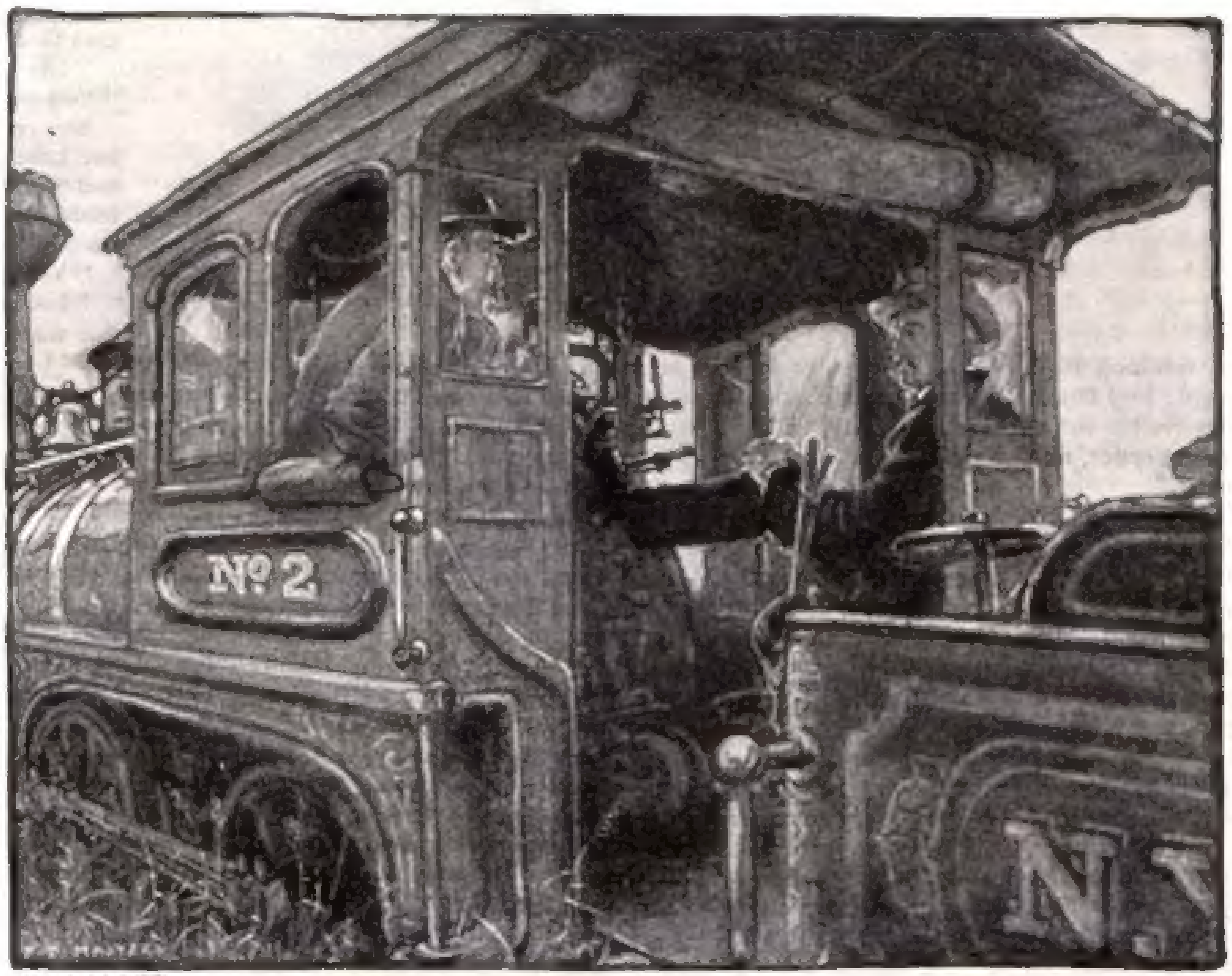
The Time-Table of True Love

The Story of a Courtship that Did Not Run on Schedule

BY W. D. NESBIT

I

IN THE enthusiastic days of its infancy the New York, St. Louis and San Francisco Railway reached from Holedale, Indiana, to Gasopolis, Indiana, a distance of fifty-nine miles; but there was no doubt in the minds and hearts of its promoters that some day it would span the continent as indicated in its official title. One reason for this belief was that the Gasopolis terminal was in the heart of the manufacturing centre of the State, and the Holedale end of the line was within reaching distance of the coal fields. Hence, the argument was that so soon as natural gas failed to rise from the bowels of the earth it would be the task of the New York, St. Louis and San Francisco to carry coal to the thousands of factories which, without gas, would be mere ornamental features of the Indiana landscape unless the bituminous fuel were promptly delivered. Obstinately the gas refused to dwindle; and for twenty-five years the New York, St. Louis and San Francisco was that in name only. Two trains each way each day were the sum of its traffic, and many an anxious would-be passenger was ignored, when he flagged the train at a country crossing, because of his resemblance to a sheriff.



"HANG ME IF THEY'RE GOIN' TO MAKE A LAUNDRY OUT OF MY ENGINE"

Abel Horner was conductor on the New York, St. Louis and San Francisco Limited, which made all stops between Gasopolis and Holedale, from the day the road was opened. The promoters had insisted that some day their trains would be rolling into and out of the great cities named in the title of the road, and the Limited carried a dining-car, day coach and combination chair-car and sleeper. Twenty-five years works changes in the arrangement and furnishing of dining-cars as well as combination chair-cars and sleepers, but it had been Abel Horner's one pleasure to see that the Limited was spotlessly clean and swept and garnished to the acme of neatness before each run. Once in a while, as a favor, he would permit a passenger to go back into the diner or sleeper and look around, but ordinarily the traveling public was kept in the day coach. Year by year the road accumulated a deficit, and year by year it grew more and more impossible for Abel Horner to get his salary. There is an impressiveness in the rapidity with which a deficit grows, but its interesting features end with that impressiveness. Were it not that Horner had inherited much coal land near Holedale, and owned a farm that was plastered with gas leases near Gasopolis, he might have quit railroading in disgust. As it was, even though he was unpaid, he had the means of conveyance between his landed interests daily. But after eighteen or twenty years of service in the worn uniform of the New York, St. Louis and San Francisco he became slightly anxious as to his money. What with the arrearages, and the cumulative interest thereon, the road owed him a considerable sum. So one morning he sauntered into the office of the general manager, Mr. William B. Mouray.

"Bill," said Horner, selecting the least rickety chair, "laying aside the hope of the failure of natural gas, do you think there is any chance of pay-day ever happening?"

"Abe," was the reply, "I have long ago listed you with the road's deficit."

"How's that?"

"You are simply a factor in our hard luck. Why didn't you make us pay you before your wages amounted to such an impossible sum?"

"Well, look here. I'll be dad-burned if I intend to be twisted into a blamed statistic that is carried along in red ink. Now, my patience is just about exhausted. I want my money."

"Twenty years, at $100 a month, is $24,000—and the interest—— Say, Abe, why don't you take the road off our hands?"

"What'd I do with two streaks o' rust and a right o' way? There's just one thing connected with this road that is worth a cent, and that's my train. If I hadn't given it a father's care for twenty years it would have gone to the scrap pile long ago."

Mouray nodded.

"Tell you what I'll do," exclaimed Horner. "You fix it up for me so that the Limited is security for what money is coming to me, and I'll be satisfied."

"All right," Mouray agreed wearily. "But what could you do with that outfit? Suppose the road busted to-morrow, what good would those mementoes of the early days be to you?"

"I know the cars are old, and all that. That's why no other creditors would nab them. But they've been almost a home to me since I've been on the road, and I'd like to hang on to them."

The papers were filled out the next day, and from that time on Abel Horner redoubled his care of the Limited. He felt an ownership in the train. Four years later he observed certain signs of coming dissolution on the part of the New York, St. Louis and San Francisco. Striking yardmen and freightmen demanded their money; creditors chained locomotives to the tracks—but none could touch the Limited. The firm hand of the law, through the papers signed, sealed and delivered to Abel Horner, made that engine and cars immune. It was then that Horner induced Mouray to sanction the laying of a side-track into a field that formed part of his farm, and which skirted the railway at the edge of Dillmanville, a small town a few miles from Gasopolis. Dillmanville was the nominal home of Horner.

"What do you want the siding there for, Abe?" asked Mouray.

"To run a train in on," was the explanation. "What do you care? You're about all in, and, confidentially, I want that siding included in the papers that hold the Limited as security for me. It's just a little business move of mine."

Mouray didn't care. Abe knew that. The siding was made as per request. Then, when the New York, St. Louis and San Francisco gave up the ghost, Abe Horner climbed into the cab beside Barney Lynch and ordered him to pull out for Dillmanville. There the train was backed on the new siding, the fires were drawn from the engine, and Conductor Abe Horner bade the train crew farewell.

"This is going to be my home from now on," he said. "And any time you boys feel like coming to visit me the place is yours. Blamed if I was going to break the habits of a lifetime."

II

IN DILLMANVILLE Abel Horner was known as an old bachelor, with all the peculiarities of confirmed bachelorhood, but even with that understanding of his nature there was a great deal of marveling over his mode of retiring from duty. Barney Lynch, his engineer, was given employment on Abel's farm, as was the fireman. The brakeman was an unsuspecting youth who had only put in a few months on the road, and he seemed glad of the chance to get away. However, there was one fixture that stayed with the train. Moses Green, colored, had applied for and obtained the position of train porter fifteen years before. Moses Green knew no other home. He slept in the cars, and he had foraged for his meals at Gasopolis and Holedale. Horner retained him. "I shall need a man about the house," he said; and Green was overjoyed at the idea of getting real money for his work. Mose put the range in the diner in good working order, and developed considerable talent as chef for Horner.

The day's program was something like this: at six o'clock in the morning Mose would part the curtains which draped Abel's berth, gently shake his employer, and say:

"We's almost in, suh. Jest time foh breakfas'."

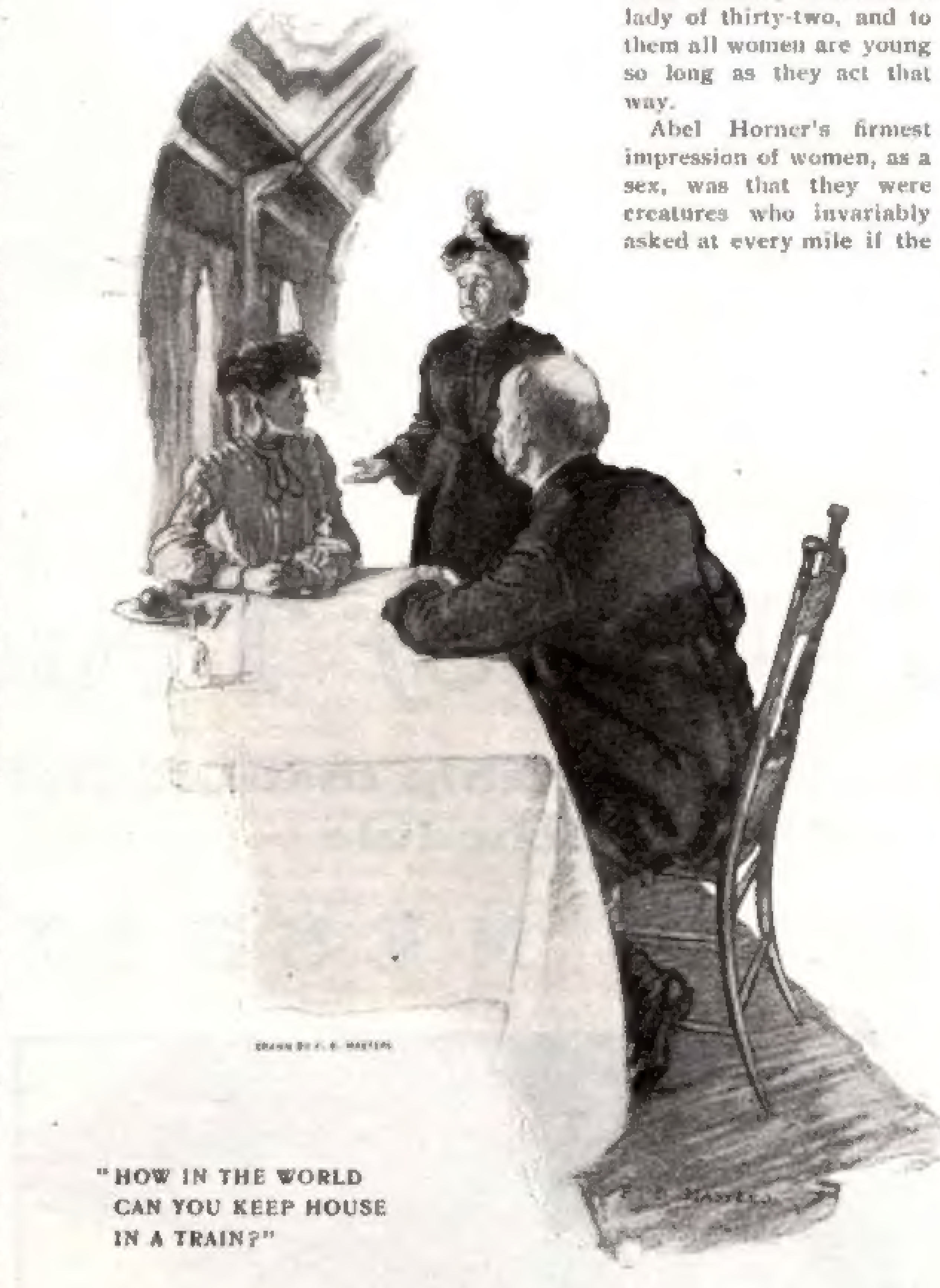
Then he would hurry into the diner and begin the work of getting breakfast. Horner, meantime, would jump from his berth and get into his clothes, then saunter across the platform into the dining-car, where a table was neatly spread for him. Mose served his breakfast, then Horner wandered into the day coach to read the morning paper which was always thrown against the door of the coach by the boy who got a bundle of them from the early train on the Chicago and Southern, a line that bisected Dillmanville north and south. The Chicago and Southern had acquired Mouray when the New York, St. Louis and San Francisco expired of inanition.

His paper read, Horner might alight from the train and take a walk through his fields or over to town, possibly stopping at the drug store for a chat with friends. Dinner and supper were served in the diner, and ten o'clock at night found Horner tucked into his berth once more.

Once a week Lynch and the fireman came to the train, rubbed down the engine, and brightened the brasswork about the cab. Then they would sit in the empty baggage-coach with Horner and talk of the good old days. All things considered, though, they were inclined to accept Horner's statement that this beat their former life on the train.

No matter how idyllic one's life may be, into it there will come disquieting influences. If they do not come of their own accord then one will go forth and drag them into it. In his walks about Dillmanville Abel Horner renewed many old acquaintances which of necessity had lapsed during his days of enforced absence; and he made a number of new ones. Of these latter was Miss Amelia Farnham, whose family had rushed to Indiana when gas was tapped, and who was now entering the kittenish stage of old maidenhood—that romantic era between thirty-five and forty, when the coyness of girlhood is battling before the steady progress of the sedateness of middle life. If a woman holds her looks well and has plenty of good sense she is just as attractive at thirty-five as when she is twenty-four. The trouble is that she does not realize this, and must needs endeavor at times to act twenty-four. Nevertheless, there be men who tingle with joy at hearing sweet-sixteeny talk from a lady of thirty-two, and to them all women are young so long as they act that way.

Abel Horner's firmest impression of women, as a sex, was that they were creatures who invariably asked at every mile if the conductor was sure the train would be on time, and who usually accused him of having carried them past their station. Consequently, when Miss Amelia Farnham and her calm, one-hundred-and-ninety-pound mamma accepted his invitation to come around some afternoon and see how he had made a home of an old railway train, and when they inspected the train from engine to back platform, Mrs. Farnham preserving her unfailing placidity of countenance and speech and Miss Amelia fluttering butterfly-like from car to car, averring that it was all too cute for anything and that it was just simply divine and utterly marvelous—why, then, Abel Horner waited until they had gone, and then he went to the drug store, where there was a counter covered with magazines of all vintages, and he bought three periodicals whose first pages gave promise of containing love stories of the clingiest sort. In the stories he found encouragement, for two of them told of old men leading blushing young things to the altar, and all of them had as heroines women who were dainty, fragile, dreamy, fluttery beings, just such as—yes, as Amelia. Horner said so.



"HOW IN THE WORLD CAN YOU KEEP HOUSE IN A TRAIN?"

The next Sunday evening he electrified Mose by producing a brand-new suit of "store clothes." This he put on and left the train, with instructions that Mose should stay aboard and keep an eye on things until his return. Of his call at the home of Miss Amelia Farnham, of her delightful surprise at seeing him, of her graceful compliments on his unconventional home, of the pretty way she sang Ben Bolt and The Suwanee River, of how her calm, self-possessed, unruffled mamma entered the parlor, shook hands with Horner, sat down for a few moments, voluminously arose and excused herself to go to the sitting-room; of the conversation of Abel and Amelia along the lines of weather, railroads, books and music—of all this I shall say nothing. I have only the dazed memory of Abel Horner upon which to draw for information, and when he tries to tell about it he grows vague. He summed it all up thus:

"I don't know how I got to the house nor how I got away. Amelia said she never expected to see *me* there, and she said it so as to show me that she had been looking for me. Mrs. Farnham walked in—No, she doesn't walk. She moved in, she spoke to me, then she sat up and moved out. Amelia sang, and the next I remember right well is that Mose was opening the door of the sleeper for me."

So you see Abel Horner was getting his romance at an age when it bites with greater force than in the early days of a man's life, when he feels that he has time to look the field over. When a man is nearing fifty there is no field—there is only a favorite; and he is extremely apt to think that everybody else at the race meet is trying to pick the same favorite. Bearing this in mind, we can come to a conception of Abel Horner memorizing poems that he might quote them to a sweetly sympathizing and understanding woman.

With the fair Amelia there also was much romance in the situation. Granted that the gallant knight who came a-wooing had neither castle nor armor, it could not be gainsaid that he was out of the beaten track of men. Is there nothing romantic in the idea of a man who eschews houses and has his habitation in a retired limited train? It would almost seem that the train had as much attraction for Amelia as had Abel. Did they go a-walking of a bright afternoon, then the walk must either lead directly or wind unconsciously to the grass-grown siding where stood the wheeled home of her swain. Perchance it was on the occasion of a luncheon given to her and her mother by Abel that she awoke to a full realization of the courtesy and hospitality of her admirer. The luncheon was by way of return for several dinners, suppers and evening offerings of cake, pie and jelly and canned fruits at the Farnham home. Mrs. Farnham and Amelia accepted the invitation gladly. It was the first time Horner had given any intimation of considering the social duties devolving upon him as one of the wealthiest citizens of Dillmanville.

For the occasion Mose had polished the glass and silverware and had put the snowiest napery on the table. He stood behind Amelia—her mother had a chair placed in the aisle, as much for her comfort as for convenience—and listened with rolling eyes and glistening teeth to the enthusiastic compliments upon his cookery and his housekeeping, or, as Amelia merrily said, his "trainkeeping." After the luncheon Mrs. Farnham solemnly asked if she might be shown through the cars again, and Horner sent Mose with her to pilot her to the engine and back.

"It is so—so cozy and homelike here," observed Amelia, leaning back in her chair and gazing out of the window across the rusting tracks of the New York, St. Louis and San Francisco.

"It seems like home to me, of course," agreed Abel. "You know, I put in so many years on these cars that I never should be satisfied in a house."

"One does grow tired of houses," Amelia sighed. "You are so fortunate. I confess that I envy you."

She ceased to look from the window, and turned her gaze full upon Abel, who, with her permission, had lighted a cigar and was resting his elbow on the table in great comfort and looking across at her through a haze of smoke.

"You envy me?" he asked.

"Indeed I do. How charmingly odd it is to live this way. I should think it would be ideal."

"It would be ideal," asserted Horner, leaning over toward her and lowering his voice, "if—if—that is—it's mighty lonesome here sometimes all by myself, you know."

"Ye-e-e-s?"

"Yes. And if you—if you would—— Could I induce you to share my life—and my train with me, Amelia?"

It did not occur to Amelia to comment upon the suddenness of his proposal. When her mother returned they were discussing the problem of fastening wardrobe hooks in the walls of the baggage-car. Abel had changed seats in order to be beside her. Mrs. Farnham was as unmoved by the sight as ever she was at anything else. She advanced carefully along the aisle and interrupted their discussion with:

"How in the world can you keep house in a train? It hasn't any cellar."

III

TWO months later Abel Horner was sitting in the cab of the engine talking with Barney Lynch, who had finished his weekly task of wiping and polishing.

"Barney," said Abel, "was you ever—— Oh, yes. I forgot. You told me once you was married twice. But, say, you never happened to be conductor for an excursion that was managed by a woman's committee, did you?"

"Of course not. Why?" asked Barney, turning, ostensibly to look from the cab window, but really to smile vacantly upon the world at large and to wink knowingly at a derrick that rose in the distance.

"First place," explained Abel, sticking his left foot out so that it would rest on the throttle—"first place, it was to be perfectly lovely to live in a railroad train. You remember that, don't you, Barney? You was here the day Amelia and her mother was figuring on nailing a box to the baggage-car so's the milkman could setthe bottle of milk in it."

Barney nodded, expectorated from his side of the engine, and winked joyously at the distant derrick.

"Yes," Abel continued, "it was simply to be lovely to live on the train. There never was anything arranged so fine or so convenient. Not like a house—all upstairs and downstairs. Here was the baggage-car for trunks and clothes and odds and ends. Then there was the day coach for a sitting-room—no flubdubbery about it. No knickknacks or jimcracks to be dusted all the time or to fall down and get busted. Then there was the dining-car and kitchen all in one, with plenty of table room for mamma and maybe one or two friends to dinner once in a while. And lastly, there was the chair-car and sleeper all together—a parlor with a bedroom opening off it—just as convenient and comfortable as could be. Remember that, don't you, Barney?"

Barney nodded again, and once more found it necessary to wink at the derrick.

"Of course, mamma can't get over the fact that there isn't any cellar. Must be a cellar. I suppose that people that is raised on cellars finally get so they just have to have them, Barney. They get the cellar habit. But I'd been rambling through life for a good many years without the aid of any cellar, and I didn't feel the need of one. So when mamma finally says that underneath the diner was the place for the cellar, I asks her where she is going to get it. 'Why, dig it,' she says. 'Not any,' says I. And that was the first spat."

"But you had your way," Barney said with an air of congratulation.

"Barney, Tuesday morning of next week Tom Samuels and his two boys are to arrive here with picks and shovels and put a cellar beneath that helpless diner."

Barney nodded with deep understanding. "I know," he commented. "Haven't I had two of 'em? You're lucky that the old lady didn't want an attic."

"But that's just what she did want. That's another thing folks can't keep house without, Barney. I objected pretty strong at first. She wanted the attic built on to the diner, but I wouldn't stand for that. So finally we compromised by agreeing to put it on the baggage-car."

"But what was Amelia doing all this time?"

"She did her best. What could a poor, timid girl like her do against the old lady? At first Amelia continued to argue that everything was all right as it was, and that she wouldn't have anything changed for the world, but I could see that the old lady was talking to her between times, and gradually she came around to mamma's way of thinking. Maybe, she said, after all, a cellar would be a good thing to have. Certainly, I agreed with her. Same way about the attic. Only I did say I'd be everlastin'ly telescoped if I'd have that attic on the diner. Then Amelia, she—well, you know how women can get around a man and make him feel as if he's acting like a brute—she looked so pitiful and seemed so paralyzed at my temper that I fell in with mamma's proposition to put the attic on the baggage-car."

"Oh, I reckon it don't make much difference. If you're going to keep house in the train you might as well have it fixed the way your wife wants it."

"Sam Hill, man! Might as well roof the thing in, and build a picket fence around it, and set up a swing in front of it, and call it a house, and be done with it! I'm not finished yet, though. Yesterday afternoon mamma brings Amelia down to look over the train again and decide where they'll keep the tubs and washboards and things for washday. They—the tubs—go into the tender here."

"What? Not in my tender! No, sir. Abe Horner, I don't care how many fool things you let 'em do with your end of this train, but hang me if they're goin' to make a laundry out of my engine! Why, next thing they'll say I've got to fire up and furnish hot water every Monday."

"You have, Barney; you have," said Abel quietly.

Barney threw a handful of waste against the boiler-head and swore professionally for some moments.

"Now, if you want to rest your voice, Barney, I'll go ahead with my story. After mamma has fixed up the washboard part of the arrangement she goes into the day coach and sits down. All of a sudden she jumps up and says that they can have pink silk curtains under lace hangin's at the windows and art squares in the doors."

Barney groaned this time.

"And the diner is to be fixed up with a cozy corner at one end, and striped silk curtains under lace ones at the windows, and portières in front of the doors. The sleeper—the parlor part of it—is to get Oriental rugs on the floor and more portières and silk and lace curtains—and there's to be a dinky little centre-table with a album on it and some pictures of mamma and the late papa, too."

"And nobody is going to be allowed to smoke in them cars for fear he'll spoil the curtains," prophesies Barney.

Abel turned to look at his friend. A wave of apprehensiveness floated across his face.

"I'll bet anything you've called the turn. Missus Farnham never would let me smoke in her house for that very reason. Barney, things are getting pretty serious."

Barney had no consolation to offer. There was none to offer. The two men sat and studied the landscape from their respective sides of the cab. After a long silence there came the voice of Mose:

"Mistah Ho'neh, Missus Farnham an' Miss 'Melia down at de sleepeh, an' say won't you please be so kind as ter step dat way, suh?"

Abel climbed from the cab and went to meet the ladies. Barney watched covertly. He saw Mrs. Farnham making gestures, waving her hand to take in the length of the train, and occasionally pointing at different spots alongside. Then he saw her climb aboard while Abel and Amelia stood and talked long and earnestly. What they were saying he could not hear, but that Abel was pleading fervidly he could have no doubt. Amelia evidently was impressed, but he could see that she would not yield. A kittenish toss of the head, a coy shake of the head—it all meant that Abel was wasting his eloquence. Then Mrs. Farnham reappeared, took Amelia under her wing, and they departed. Abel came slowly, sorrowfully back to the engine.

"This is the worst yet, Barney," he said. "Mamma has decided that the outside of the train must be painted a robin's egg blue with olive-oil—olive-green trimmings, and that we'll have to plant morning-glories and moon-vines along the sides."

Further than offering his opinion that Abel was up against it for fair, Barney could say nothing.

"By jings!" Horner cried, after some studying. "Bill Mouray got me into this, you might say, and now he can get me out. Barney, you have that fireman of yours on hand at five in the morning. Get up steam and wait for orders."

"What you goin' to do, Abe?"

But Abel had jumped from the engine and was speeding toward the telegraph office of the Chicago and Southern.

IV

"MISTAH HO'NEH! Mistah Ho'neh!" called Mose the next morning at five o'clock, shaking Abel by the shoulder; "de engineer say he waitin' fo' his o'dehs."

Abel turned out, attired in his old uniform as conductor. He had been dressed since two o'clock, having found sleep an impossibility. Drawing some crumpled yellow papers from his pocket, he sent Mose ahead with part of them, then sat on the edge of his berth and read:

> *All Train Dispatchers:* Permit Abel Horner's special to have precedence of all traffic over Holedale Division.
> WILLIAM MOURAY.

It is necessary, by way of explanation of this order, to state that the New York, St. Louis and San Francisco Railway had been taken over by the Chicago and Southern, and was now practically an idle spur of that system. Horner had telegraphed Mouray, asking permission to run his train to Holedale, and Mouray, as we see, readily consented. The message given above was supplemented by regulation orders for the engineer and conductor of the Abel Horner special.

Abel got off the sleeper, ran to the switch, and opened it with his long-unused key. Then the train clattered out on to the main track, and clanked methodically along the brown, weed-hidden rails of the old New York, St. Louis and San Francisco.

At nine o'clock that morning William Mouray, division superintendent of the Chicago and Southern, got off his own car in Dillmanville. He was looking over the line, and took advantage of the stop to pay a visit to the site where so long had reposed the train of his old friend Horner.

Also, shortly before nine o'clock that morning, Mrs. Farnham took Amelia in hand and proceeded to Abel's place to come to a final decision as to which windows should be graced with flower-boxes. William Mouray found the two women gazing with stupefaction upon the empty siding.

"Mr. Horner has gone," he said pleasantly, thinking to evoke some pleasing comment upon the whims of Abel.

"That is evident," conceded the statuesque Mrs. Farnham. "But where has he gone? And where is his train?"

"The train is on the way to Holedale, and he is with it."

"Oh, what does it mean?" cried Amelia.

"It is certainly a most peculiar proceeding. He never told us he intended going," declared Mrs. Farnham.

Then Mouray told them all he knew. "I should not have bored you with the story," he explained, "were it not that you appear interested in Mr. Horner."

"Interested? Why, he is—he was going to marry my daughter," Mrs. Farnham replied.

"He was—he is going to marry me," asserted Amelia. "I know why he has gone. Mamma, it is all your fault."

"My fault? Well, I never!" retorted Mrs. Farnham.

"Yes, it is. I told you Abel did not like the way you kept insisting on putting a cellar under the train and an attic over it, and fixing up the inside to look like a real house. And when I told him you wanted the outside painted he looked so queer and stubborn—quite unlike himself. Oh, what shall I do?"

Mouray had listened with interest. Then he came gallantly to the rescue.

"It seems that I am partly to blame for this unfortunate happening," he said. "Now, I'll do all I can to undo what I have done. You may take my car, and I'll have an engine attached to it, and you may overtake Mr. Horner's train before it reaches Holedale. After that I leave the affair in your hands."

To this Amelia agreed readily enough, but her mother said that not one foot would she stir to bring Abel Horner back. No, indeed, she had lived too long to be unable to distinguish an affront when it was offered. If Amelia wanted to be foolish, all well and good. And Amelia apparently wanted to be foolish, for she urged Mr. Mouray to make haste with his arrangements for her special train. Mouray ran to the telegraph office and sent an order to intercept the special at a junction and hold it for further orders. Then his car was detached from the other train, an engine backed up to it, and all was ready.

"Now, mamma," begged Amelia, "you come with me."

Mrs. Farnham was firm. She would not. She never saw the man she would knuckle down to, and she wouldn't begin now. Much more in this strain followed, but Amelia's tears and Mouray's urging melted her, until at last she said she would go, but only to be company for Amelia. She would not speak to Abel Horner. She washed her hands of him, she said.

"Well, tell him that, mamma, anyway. That's what he wants you to do," Amelia suggested.

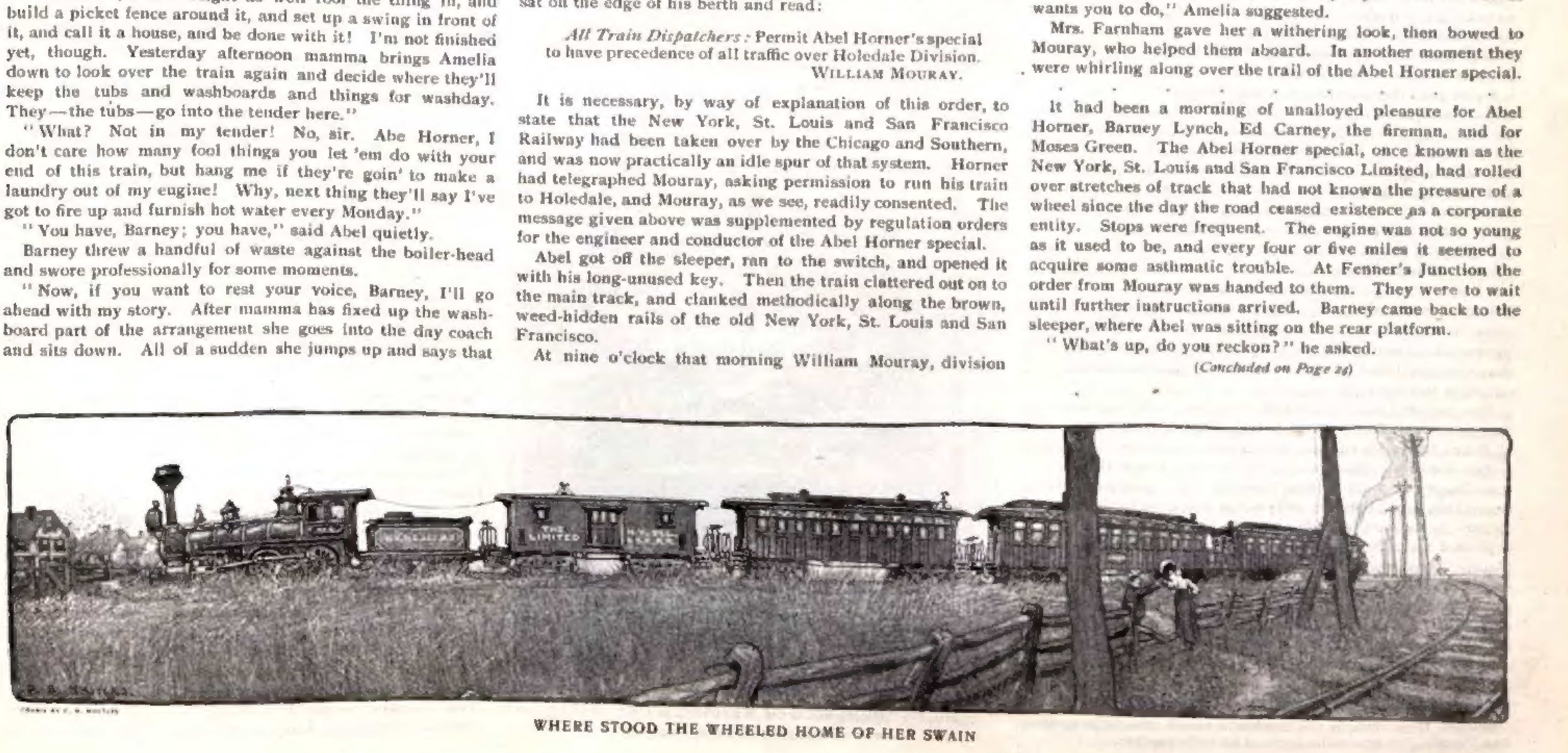
Mrs. Farnham gave her a withering look, then bowed to Mouray, who helped them aboard. In another moment they were whirling along over the trail of the Abel Horner special.

* * *

It had been a morning of unalloyed pleasure for Abel Horner, Barney Lynch, Ed Carney, the fireman, and for Moses Green. The Abel Horner special, once known as the New York, St. Louis and San Francisco Limited, had rolled over stretches of track that had not known the pressure of a wheel since the day the road ceased existence as a corporate entity. Stops were frequent. The engine was not so young as it used to be, and every four or five miles it seemed to acquire some asthmatic trouble. At Fenner's Junction the order from Mouray was handed to them. They were to wait until further instructions arrived. Barney came back to the sleeper, where Abel was sitting on the rear platform.

"What's up, do you reckon?" he asked.

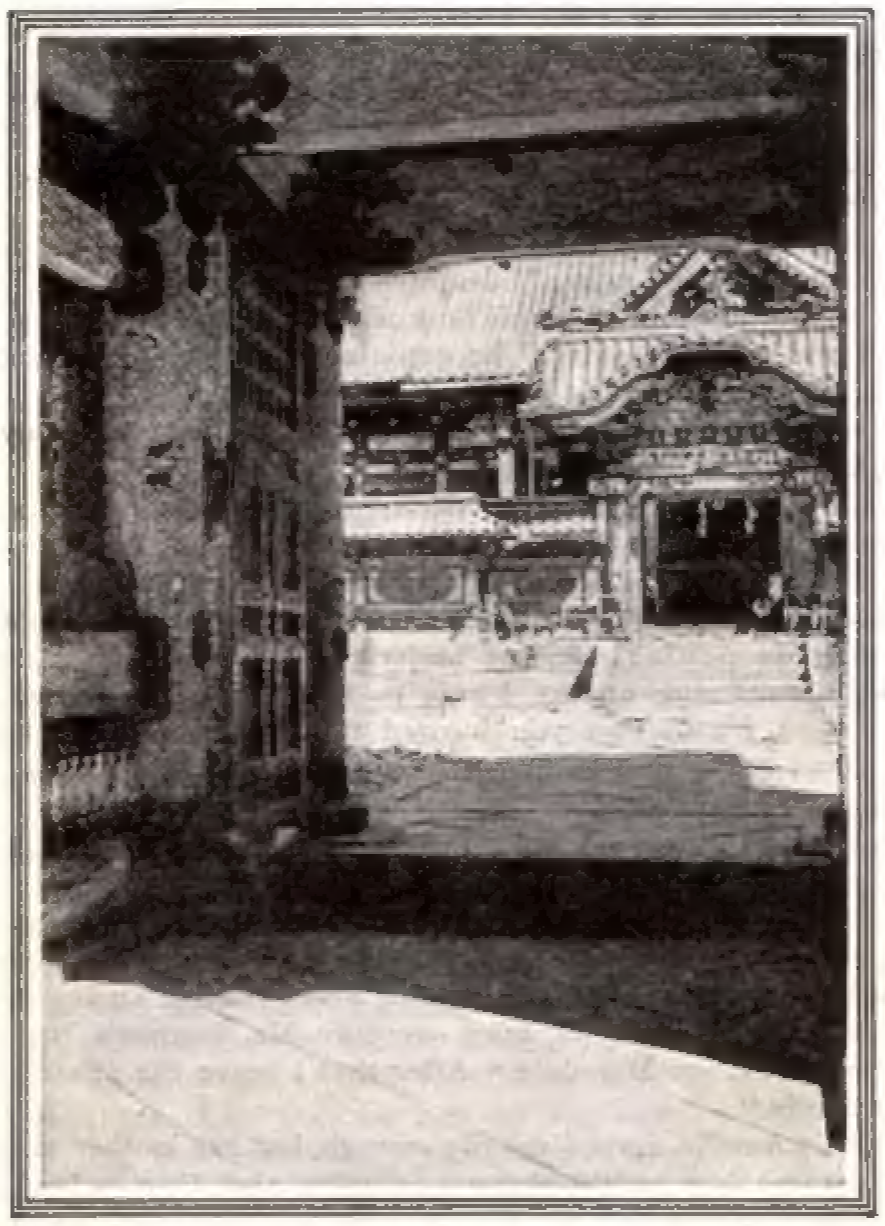
(Concluded on Page 24)



WHERE STOOD THE WHEELED HOME OF HER SWAIN

Japan Through My Camera

BY ZAIDA BEN YÛSUF



No. 8—SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW OF EARLY MORNING
KODAK EXPOSURE OF THREE SECONDS

THE simple preparations for closing my Japanese house in August while I went north to the Nikko Mountains were an odd mixture of Oriental and Occidental happenings.

One morning the flower-man came to empty all the bronze vases and jars that it was his duty to look after, the screens were folded and slipped into their nice white wooden boxes, and various items of lacquered furniture and floor cushions were put away into deep closets with sliding doors. My trunks, already packed, were taken out on the dressing-room veranda, where they were received by two coolies who carried them through the gardens to a low four-wheeled hand truck with which they ran all the mile and a half to the *hatoba* (customs wharf). I saw the house itself closed up like a huge box as the big wooden shutters inclosing each veranda were rolled into place; received the good-bys of the servants, who had their foreheads to the floor, and then Sato San (my little Japanese maid) and I were ready to be trundled off to the steamer in our rickshaws.

Every one takes steamer from port to port if he can possibly spare the time, for accommodations for night travel by train are so disagreeable. That day I was fortunate in catching my favorite boat. As I have said before, ships anchor in the harbor, and the fleet of small steam launches carrying passengers and baggage to and fro creates a busy scene. Of course, the pleasures of the trip vary. One may strike a stormy day and have a most unhappy twenty-four hours, or it may be as delightful as it was on the many occasions I traveled this way between Yokohama and Kobé.

After a day spent in shopping at Yokohama we left for Nikko, the one hundred and twenty-five miles by rail taking eight hours, so that it was evening when we arrived and were whirled madly through the village in a string of rickshaws to the hotel, a very comfortable little place run by a native in foreign style.

The locality is a favorite summer resort for foreigners—they even come from China and the Philippines—and a sort of Mecca to the Japanese. The district best known to us as Nikko has been called a city; in reality it is a village surrounding a group of beautiful temples. One goes presumably to see these, and they are well worth it—a perfectly glorious picture in its *tout ensemble*, though the extravagant praises bestowed upon the wood carvings as a detail are quite out of place. They are extremely interesting, but not wonderful or even beautiful, for the reason that nearly all the panels are of animals and birds, very crude in execution. "The artist carved them with his left hand," we are told. Notwithstanding this they serve their decorative purpose, and the colors are now richly harmonious, through the gentle influence of time. It is really marvelous how different our climate in America must be to that of Japan and other places in the East, when woodwork, painted and unpainted, can remain exposed with so little damage during such long periods.

There was the Red Lacquer Bridge, for example, one of the things that made Nikko famous in former years. It was a rather frail structure of wood, and, like many another in Japan, had withstood weather for hundreds of years; yet from what one can see of its remains, wonderful was quite too large a word to apply to it. True, the bridge was lacquered, but the quality of this work was no better than several coats of ordinary dull red house paint. Weather permitting, any one can have a similar bridge in his own back yard, for the least ambitious carpenter could copy the somewhat clumsy round posts that connected square side bars. Yet the effect, as a whole, must have been enchanting in its setting of dark green foliage from either bank of the river.

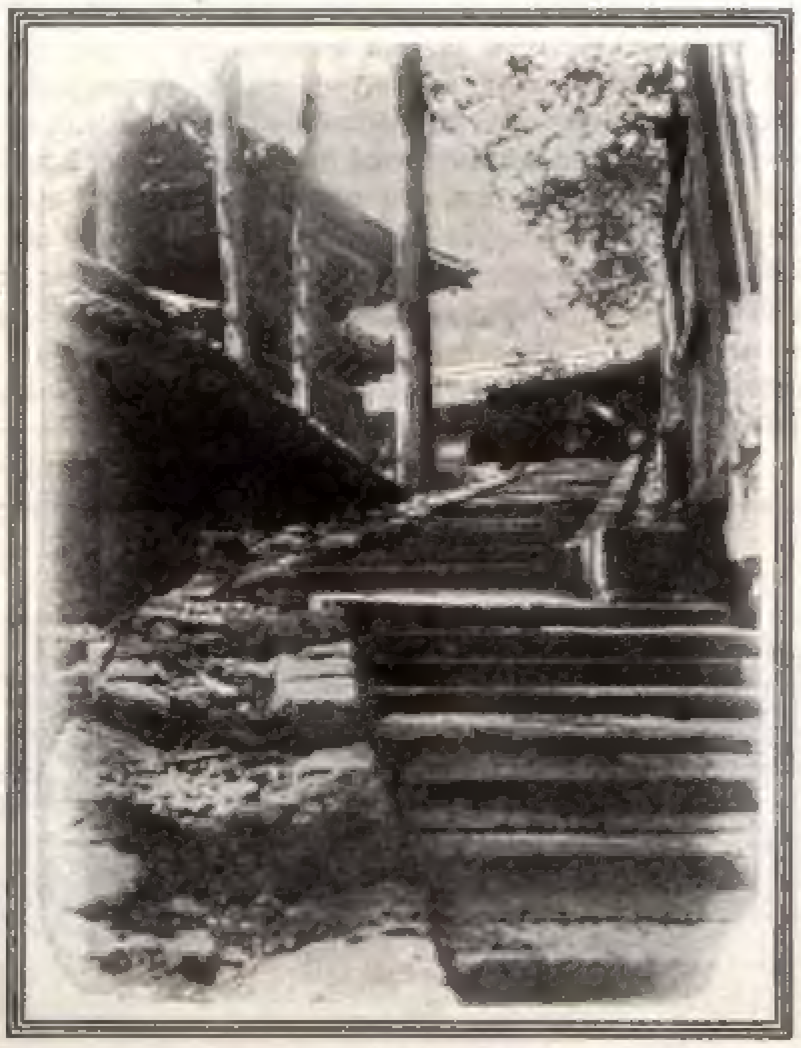
Tickets are necessary for entrance to the temple grounds, and again another ticket, costing about three dollars, for permission to take photographs during one week. I found that to go early in the morning was nicest. They are supposed to open the gates at eight o'clock, but one can get in earlier, as I remember being at work more than once by seven-thirty. Nikko has a delightfully exhilarating effect in this way. You feel quite ready to be up at five for a ride over the hills.

The morning after our first day spent in the temples Sato San came to my room with an unmistakable awake-all-night look that at once attracted my attention. I was afraid she might be ill: a groundless fear, however, for she was simply so excited over the sightseeing of the previous day that she had been unable to sleep an hour. To her Japanese mind she was realizing one of the dreams of a lifetime, a pilgrimage they all hope for; in her case it was a joy totally unexpected and so overwhelming in its effect that she was almost demoralized.

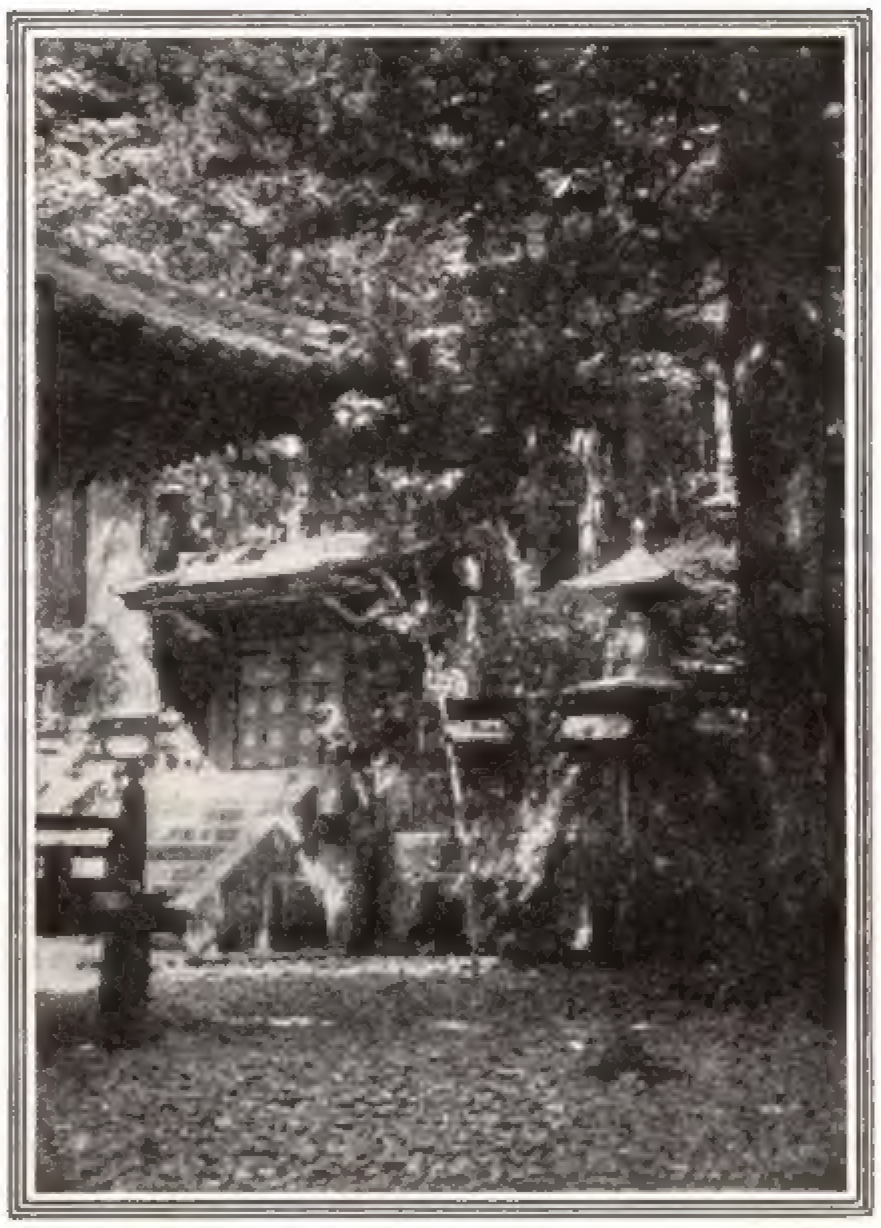
After all, it is no wonder that people use extravagant phrases about the Nikko temples. They are a twin group of many small buildings painted and gilded on the *outside* as well as inside, which makes them different from all others in Japan. They were built as memorial shrines for two of the Shoguns at the beginning of the seventeenth century.

Placed against a magnificent background of tall trees which rise behind them in a green semicircle hundreds of feet high, one can imagine nothing more ideal. The very antithesis of our calm, gray edifices in stone, they have their own dignity in the artistic evolution of the great Jeyasu's idea, which was, by contrast to all the showy splendor that first greets the eye, gradually to lead one up hundreds of winding stone steps, now green with age, up, up the hillside, far above the temple roofs to the absolute dignity of a simple bronze mausoleum.

I have never felt the majesty of tombs as I did those of the ancient princes of Japan at Nikko and elsewhere. Their evident age may have something to do with it; yet the tombs of Westminster and the French cathedrals, for example, are also old. I believe that the absence of effigies and the mystic symbolism of such forms as they do use for the stone and bronze make the instant appeal to one's higher senses.



No. 4—"HUNDREDS OF WINDING STONE STEPS"
KODAK EXPOSURE OF THREE SECONDS



No. 7—TOMBS OF THE ANCIENT PRINCES OF JAPAN AT NIKKO

To sit there on the steps of the prayer house facing the tomb inclosure, overshadowed by that cool, green canopy of cryptomeria trees, far away from the sightseers and pilgrims who filled the courts below—there, surrounded by a perfect silence, the hurrying outside world becomes remote: one is lost in the dream of a summer day. There is no ugliness even in the contemplation of this tomb to mar one's train of thought, for it is told us that but one single hair of the Tokugawa prince was placed within those doors. What a delicious fancy! What whole volumes of æsthetic suggestion it opens!

So long as I live I shall remember this silence and the cool, pungent odor of mossgrown trees and stone.

The first two days I wandered about the grounds at all hours, early and late, without a camera, finally deciding on the early morning as the best for my work. There were fewer people to get in the way, the light was right for photography, the heat was too great by ten o'clock, and I found that I had many painters for company in my choice of hours. Ten, one morning, I counted, including some students of architecture from the Tokyo University.

Secure in the possession of a film camera, the strong contrasts of sunlight and shadow in the vista from court to court caused me no anxiety as to the results of the time exposures which were my only hope of getting detail in the shadows of those heavy gateways. These pictures had quite three seconds. When I used the 8 x 10 camera, as I did one morning, with a quick lens, of course instantaneous exposures were sufficient. The films were not developed for some weeks, but all turned out perfect except one entire roll, which I lost in the developing machine through forgetting to gum down the end. Awfully exasperating, and it was all my own fault, too! In the large camera I used double-coated plates. They represent a rather clever scheme and work out very well indeed; the cost is double the ordinary kind. If one has a weak light to work in, the top coating, which is a very sensitive one, receives the image. If the light is strong enough possibly to *over*time the picture, then there is the coating beneath of a slower emulsion to save it. This is practically the same idea as non-halation plates are based on, so they answer for that purpose also. Chemicals for developing these plates are always used at half strength.

There are several shops in the village where camera supplies may be had, a dark room engaged, or repairs made. At this last the Japanese are particularly clever. With no trouble at all they fixed several little things for me that would have been an entirely different affair to get done over here. Once I let my kodak fall while it was open and twisted the metal hinges and racks so badly that they all had to be taken out. The Japanese workmen repaired this—even to putting on new leather in places—so skillfully that I could not imagine it had ever been hurt. Another time they

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Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Miss Ben Yûsuf. The next will appear in an early number.

No. 6—EXTERIOR OF THE IMPERIAL PALACE AT TOKYO
KODAK, LATE AFTERNOON

put a new metal pivot in the developing box. The excessively damp climate had caused an unusual amount of rust to collect, in spite of my care, and, of course, the thin pieces of soft metal just rotted away. For this they copied the different small parts with astonishing accuracy. At Nikko I needed a new ground glass for the 8 x 10 camera, and from the unpretentious little shop where you would not imagine they had five dollars' worth of supplies, and the clerks seemed all asleep, they sent me a new one, all nicely fitted, inside of half an hour.

Such queer, primitive people they are who live in the village! Along each side of the streets run deep gutters, yet not to be filled with dreadful refuse as in so many other countries. These are lined with brick and contain a stream of clean, swiftly running water, which the people use to water the streets and wash their clothing, household utensils, vegetables, or even themselves in. Nothing could be more simple and convenient!

On the way down I stopped at Tokyo. It is an immense city, quite ten miles across, crowded with hordes of people. There are trolley cars, I believe, though I tried not to see any; they seem such a dreadful combination with the mediæval appearance of the Mikado's palace. This consists of a group of plain, low buildings, unpainted and gray roofed like any other Japanese home, though they have suites of rooms furnished in foreign style, the whole surrounded by a garden many acres in extent which is inclosed by the usual high white plastered wall, this in turn surrounded by a moat, which in former times was allowed to lie stagnant, and filled with lotus plants. Nowadays the water is kept clear by constant renewal from the river near by. Not all the royal residences are so typically Japanese as this one. There is a country house which I saw at Hakoné that is as hideous and modern as any enlightened Japanese could wish for; I thought at first it must be some public institution, the type was so familiar. The view of the palace walls and moat was a snapshot with the 4 x 5 on a fair day about four o'clock, with rapid plates.

No. 5—NOTHING COULD BE MORE SIMPLE AND CONVENIENT
AN INSTANTANEOUS KODAK

No. 2—THE INNER COURTYARD OF A TEMPLE AT NIKKO
8 X 10 PLATE, ASTIGMAT LENS

No. 1—LAUNCHES
AN INSTANTANEOUS KODAK

* * *

The Retort Courteous

THAT among the most effectual weapons of oratory are wit and humor is known to all who are familiar with the public speaking of ancient and modern times. The advantages which these faculties give to the orator are obvious. Not only does wit or humor give a passing relief to the tension of the hearer's mind that has been plied, perhaps for hours, with argumentative eloquence, and thus prepare it to listen with fresh attention, but it is a powerful weapon of attack, and sometimes a keen witticism or a humorous anecdote neutralizes the force of a cogent argument. A volume of reasoning may be condensed into a brilliant retort, and the absurdity of a speaker's argument may be exposed by a jest more effectually than by a series of syllogisms. Who has not again and again known a fallacy to be pricked to death by the needle of ridicule, which the club of logic had thumped in vain? It is said that at Hastings' trial Law was more afraid of Sheridan's cutting sarcasms than of the logic and eloquence of all his associates.

Lord North, the Prime Minister of George III, had a greater abundance of both wit and humor, and of a finer and more sparkling quality, than any parliamentary leader has exhibited since his day. It was his perennial pleasantry, aided by his good nature, that enabled him as the Tory minister of England, during the disastrous defeats of the American war, to bear up triumphantly against the ceaseless and furious attacks of Burke, Fox, Pitt, and the other Whig chiefs. By a plain, homely answer, as Lord Brougham observes, he could blunt the edge of the fiercest or most refined sarcasm. With his humor and exquisite badinage, never forced, far-fetched or overdone, he could turn away wrath and refresh the jaded listeners; while by his undisturbed temper he made them believe he had the advantage, and could turn into a laugh, at the assailant's expense, the invective which had been designed to crush him. Thus, when Alderman Sawbridge presented a petition from Billingsgate, and accompanied it with much vituperation of the minister, Lord North thus began his reply: "I will not deny that the worthy alderman speaks the sentiments, nay, the very language, of his constituents."

Again, when a vehement declaimer, calling aloud for his head, turned round and perceived his victim unconsciously indulging in soft slumber, and, becoming still more exasperated, denounced the minister as capable of "sleeping over the ruin of his country—asleep at a time," etc., etc., North muttered, "I wish to Heaven I was," and complained how cruel it was to be denied a solace which other criminals so often enjoyed—that of having a night's rest before execution. When replying to a dull, somniferous speaker, who made a similar charge, he declared that it was unjust in the gentleman to blame him for taking the remedy which he himself had been so considerate as to administer. How happy was his answer to an opponent who spoke of him as "that *thing* called a minister!" "To be sure," he said, patting his portly sides, "I am 'a thing.' When, therefore, the gentleman called me 'a thing' he said what was true, and I could not be angry with him. But when he added, 'that thing called a minister,' he called me that thing which of all others he himself most wished to be, and therefore I took it as a compliment." Such good humor and imperturbability can never be conquered. For years North carried on the contest, almost single-handed, against Fox, Burke, Barre, Dunning, and sometimes even Pitt, with the same genial spirit and jocularity, which nothing but a scandalous false quantity by Burke could lessen or disturb; and, when finally driven from office by a resistless combination of misfortunes and foes, he retired with the politest of bows and the blandest of smiles.

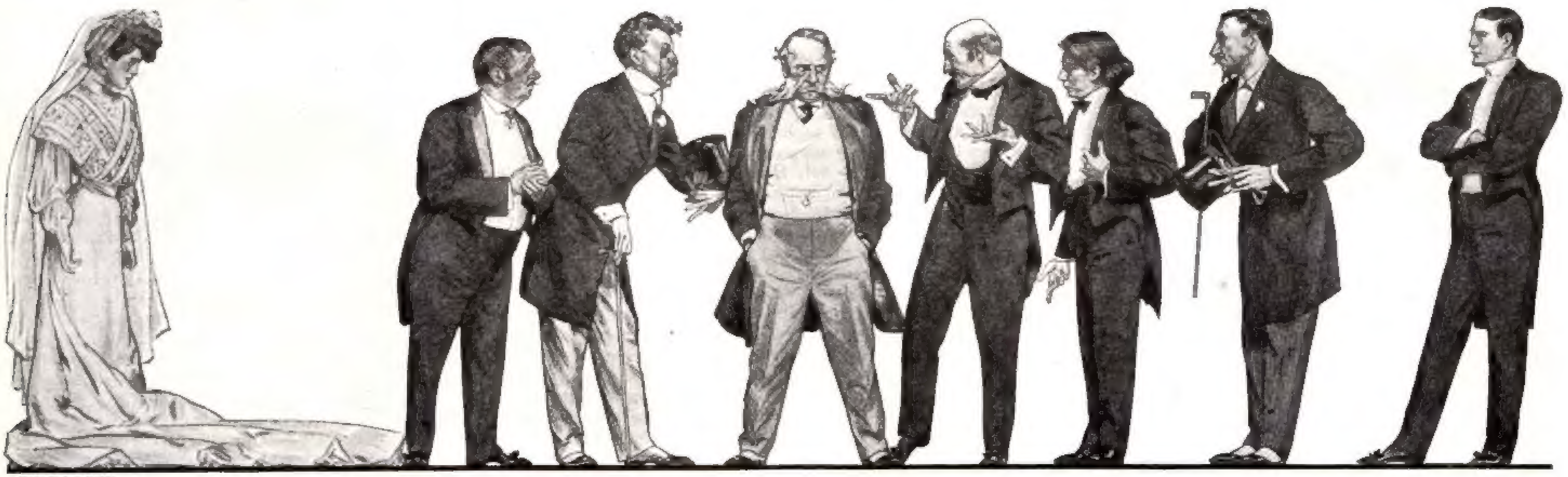
John Bright, though usually one of the gravest speakers in the House of Commons, occasionally enlivened his oratory with sallies of mirth-provoking humor. What can be more felicitous than the title of "Adullamites" which he applied in 1866 to Mr. Horseman and Mr. Lowe? These two gentlemen, though usually acting with the Liberals, had opposed Lord John Russell's Reform Bill. Of the first, Mr. Bright said: "He is the first of the party who has expressed his great grief, who has entered into what may be called his political cave of Adullam, and he has called about him every one that was in distress, and every one that was discontented. (See I Samuel 22: 1, 2.) The right honorable gentleman has been anxious to form a party in this House, and at last he has succeeded in hooking the right honorable gentleman the member for Calne. . . . When a party is formed of two gentlemen so amiable, so discreet, we may hope to see for the first time in Parliament a party perfectly harmonious, and distinguished by mutual and unbroken trust. But there is one difficulty which it is impossible to remove. This party of two reminds me of the Scotch terrier which was so covered with hair that you could not tell which was the head and which was the tail of it."

In another speech made the same year Mr. Bright said that the Derby Government reminded him of "those amusing and ingenious gentlemen, the Christy minstrels. The Christy minstrels are, when they are clean washed, white men; but they come before the audience black as the blackest negroes, and by this transformation it is expected that their jokes and songs will be more amusing. The Derby minstrels pretend to be Liberal and white; but the fact is, if you come nearer and examine them closely, you will find them to be just as black and curly as the Tories have been. I do not know, and I do not pretend to say, which of them plays the banjo and which the bones."

In 1868 the Earl of Mayo brought before the House of Commons some measures relating to Ireland which Mr. Bright ridiculed as inadequate to the emergency. "I recollect," he said, in discussing the measure, "that Addison, a good while ago, said there was a man in his county—he was not a Cabinet minister; he was only a mountebank—but this man set up a stall, and to the country people he offered to sell pills that were very good against the earthquake!"

Logic makes little headway against ridicule of this sort.

How to Pick a Son-in-Law



DRAWN BY F. [illegible]

BY JAMES L. FORD

AS IS eminently befitting our simple Jeffersonian democracy, the English nobleman stands first in the patriotic American's list of desirable sons-in-law; and the more ancient that noble's name and the bluer his blood, the more sought after he is. A historic castle or country seat, even if mortgaged to its turret tops, is an asset of no small importance when it comes to summing up his value in the matrimonial market, nor can it be denied that the possession of some trivial court appointment of the sort that carries with it opportunities for intercourse with royalty has a peculiar charm in the eyes of the average American woman.

That a good English title is a thing of great value no one with the slightest knowledge of social matters will for a moment deny, and it may be added that no person is more fully aware of its worth as an asset than the possessor of one. Should the possible father-in-law harbor any doubts on the subject he is certain to be enlightened by the member of the eminently respectable firm of solicitors, who holds himself in readiness to follow his noble client in his expeditions after big marital game, and not infrequently is found standing at his elbow as a sort of gun loader.

The first thing for the possible father-in-law to do with a British nobleman who shows any disposition to hunt in American preserves is to look him up in Burke or De Brett—of course no family of matrimonial inclinations will be without one or both of these invaluable catalogues of nobility—and then to satisfy himself that the man with whom he is dealing is the genuine peer and not an ex-valet or gardener masquerading as such. The real work of investigation does not, however, stop here, for there are still bankruptcy records and club lists to consult, not to mention searching inquiries which should be conducted carefully and discreetly by persons thoroughly familiar with the recent history of English society.

The Art of Stalking Matrimonial Big Game

FOR it must be remembered that, as what is called "position" in England is tangible, and much sought after, and strong enough to open the doors to a great deal of the best that the world has to offer, so is the loss of that position a catastrophe far more terrible and serious in its effects than Americans can easily understand. I have often heard glib philosophers assert complacently that "so long as you have money and title in England you are all right"; but the truth is that the English are so thoroughly commercial that they steadfastly uphold the market value that was set long ago on honor and personal character, as well as breweries and coronets, and I can think of no drearier awakening than that in store for the American girl who, having exchanged her father's millions for a dishonored title and an outcast nobleman, crosses the Atlantic to assume a position in the best English society.

In his pursuit of the big game that abounds in the American matrimonial preserves, the honored nobleman—he is ofttimes honorable as well—is generally deliberate, unostentatious, businesslike, and keenly aware of the advantages that he has to offer, while the discredited peer is impudent in his bearing, outspoken in his contempt for tuft-hunting Americans and perfectly willing to fawn on anybody if he can make anything by it. He is notable for the frankness with which he conducts his investigations of the financial resources of those whose acquaintance he makes, and for the exorbitance of his demands when the question of a marriage settlement is reached. Almost any nobleman of this class will keep the church ceremony waiting while the eminently respectable London solicitor, who has been summoned to clinch matters for him, goes over the marriage contracts to see that everything is straight and businesslike.

All things considered, the heiress who cares only for social successes cannot do better than to marry an English peer of good repute, for in that one particular he is likely to be worth every dollar that is paid for him. But in joining her fortunes with his the bride should remember that her own family will not be looked upon as included in the bargain, and that, with the possible exception of those who have very large fortunes to bequeath, even the members of her immediate family need not look for a cordial welcome at the hands of her new English connections. A great many inexperienced parents regard the "well-connected" Englishman of the ordinary traveling brand with high favor, as what might be called a "nearlord," meaning one who is just passing away the time while waiting for the deaths of the few individuals who stand between him and a noble name backed up by a vast estate. Now, as a matter of fact, the well-connected one is to the real peer what the shadow is to the substance, with the advantage of about enough nebulous possibility in his favor to give him interest as what sporting men call a "long shot." Generally speaking, he possesses all the faults of a peer while having none of the latter's advantages to offer, and has been brought up in complete idleness with the idea of being supported by somebody. In preferring that that somebody should be a woman the well-connected Briton does not stand absolutely alone in the world. Accustomed from early childhood to curry favor with his betters, he is apt to be far more genial and agreeable in his manners than the real peer. He is also an adept in all games of chance, and can borrow money in a spirit of joyous camaraderie that at times leaves behind it the feeling that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

Essentially a hard-headed, practical and businesslike race, the English people have always kept their peers, like their merchandise, duly numbered and ticketed and their several marketable values accurately appraised. As their numbers are restricted, it is not difficult to do this, but it is impossible to make any accurate estimate of the number of their relations by blood or marriage who are roaming the earth at this moment, or to estimate their financial or moral worth or keep any track of them whatever. There must be fully a million of them in this country now, and in considering the claims of any one of them to the post of son-in-law I would suggest, in addition to the precautions that should be taken with all foreigners, an examination by thoroughly skilled physicians of the persons who lie between him and his prospective title or estates. It has been noticed that the position of next of kin to a great inheritance is a remarkable preservative of health.

As to alliances with German, Russian or Latin nobles, though a great many of them have resulted happily, the titles themselves—even the high-sounding ones—have often been found to count for very little. The very differences in race, education and manner of life militate strongly against congenial association, which is something far more possible in the case of an Englishman. Moreover, the American girl is apt to find the narrowness and restrictions and the punctilious etiquette of official or court life on the continent distinctly irksome, particularly when her lot is cast in some petty German principality that is smaller than her native county and dominated by a royal family and an aristocracy which seem to her as absurd as the court of the "Grand Duchess of Gerolstein" did to the Parisians of the Second Empire.

It must be remembered, moreover, that the highest nobles of continental Europe, even the impoverished ones, hold themselves aloof from American marriages of a kind that would delight the soul of the greatest peer in England. In proof of this peculiar form of self-respect I have only to point to the Almanach de Gotha, which does not contain the names of more than half a dozen American women. It behooves us, therefore, to bear in mind the dignified attitude of the higher aristocracy of France when discussing the unfortunate marriages that American heiresses have contracted, thanks to their own blind infatuation and the criminal neglect or indifference of their parents, with dissolute and dishonored adventurers of noble name.

It seems incredible that an American gentleman eminent in politics and finance and of no small experience in European courts should permit not only his daughter to marry a man who could not get into a single decent club in his own country, but should also facilitate, or rather make possible, his courtship by the gift of a half-million dower. Yet the case to which I refer is only one out of a dozen that have come within the range of my own personal knowledge. And, indeed, I do not wonder at the contempt with which a Latin noble, ostracized by every decent man and woman in his own country, regards the American heiress who has been fool enough to assume his dishonored name, and her vulgar parents who have been accessory to the fact.

Why Not a Secret Service Bureau?

I AM quite in earnest when I say that considering the growing importance of our native matrimonial market, the Government should establish an information bureau, which should afford accurate information in regard to the various titles that are hawked about here for sale and from which something could be learned of the vices chiefly affected by their bearers. With such an institution as this maintained in our social centre there will be no further excuse for even the most deluded daughter or ignorant parent that ever regarded barber-shop manners as the mark of the gentleman, and jumped eagerly at a name that had long been a stench in all decent nostrils.

I feel that I cannot in justice drop the subject of foreign alliance without reciting the story of the grandson of an English earl who married, not an American girl but an English one who was his social inferior, which was precisely the same thing when judged from the point of view of his grandfather, the earl. The young man was promptly cast off by his family—the girl had not a penny of her own—and he came to this country, where for a time he made a living by fishing and shooting on the Great South Bay. This means of livelihood having proved uncertain, he found employment in New York, where he and his little family lived for several years in the very humblest fashion. It was during these years of poverty and hard work that his grandfather, whose direct heir he was, made overtures to him to return home, and in one instance sent as his emissary the son of a famous Scotch noble. He invariably made it a condition that the grandson should leave his wife and child behind him, and to this condition the young nobleman refused to accede, declaring that no consideration of place or money could induce him to give up the woman who had been faithful to him through everything. Finally he obtained a position as ticket puncher on the Elevated Railroad, and it was while fulfilling his duties there that he contracted pneumonia and died

The extraordinary phase of the whole titled son-in-law business is the readiness with which hard-headed, thoroughly businesslike Americans will pay millions for the article fresh from Paris, Berlin or Vienna, when they can obtain the same thing, in infinite variety and often of much better quality, at their very doors at a trifling cost.

Indeed, I am quite sure that the father who wishes to gratify his daughter in all her laudable desires, and who nevertheless feels that he cannot afford especially to import a son-in-law, will do well to consider the claims of some of our local nobility. He will probably find that in the single item of expense they are vastly more desirable than their more sought after compatriots. Indeed, I will venture to say that a titled son-in law, fairly presentable in appearance and not so wedded to ancient custom as to despise the fork, of cheerful demeanor and gentle in his treatment of women, could be obtained on the guarantee of a good home and a moderate allowance for spending money, while there are others whose experience in this country has been so hard that they would probably be glad to marry for their board and lodging and continue to earn their own spending money. And a son-in-law taken from this not wholly undeserving exotic class, besides coming much cheaper than any other, is likely to prove far more satisfactory in the long run

There is one profession in this country that always regards these noble alliances with the greatest favor, and not only rejoices openly whenever a foreign nobleman gets possession of American millions, but would also compel him—such is the wealth of their generous hospitality—to remain in this country so long as a dollar of his father-in-law's fortune remained. That profession is the one that bows to the goddess of chance, the one practiced behind closed doors, and generally at night, to the accompaniment of rattling ivory chips and the well modulated voice of a calm, suave, steely eyed dealer, who drinks iced carbonated waters while others, less calm, call for whisky. Well do these men of the fine raiment and clean cut profile know that there is no class of men in the world for whom the gaming table possesses such attractions as the European nobility, and that hardly does the young count or baron live who is not capable of staking every dollar of his wife's dowry and every cent that he expects to get from his father-in-law on the fall of a card or the turn of a roulette wheel. I myself have seen a German noble with a lineage as long as his own blond mustaches, cheerfully keeping cases beside the very faro layout which had engulfed his last half-dollar, and glad of the occasional reward in the shape of a stack of chips that was passed over to him by some more fortunate player.

As to the American son-in-law, he is to be found in such infinite number and variety and offering so many distinct phases of consideration and discussion, that he cannot expect to receive comprehensive treatment here. In viewing him from the commercial standpoint—and in this country business and morals are closely allied—the father-in-law should remember that to be really successful nowadays one must be born either a pauper or a plutocrat, and that a small inheritance is one of the worst curses that a parent can bestow upon his son.

Up to the present moment so few children have been born to plutocracy that the art of rearing these young despots is very imperfectly known in this country. In the decades to come we shall undoubtedly acquire proficiency in the matter, but in the present year of grace it must be admitted that altogether too little attention is bestowed upon the bringing up of the inheritors of those great commercial kingdoms whose power is already so great. The art of educating princes with a view to the throne has been understood and practiced in older countries for centuries, but the art of so training a young coal baron or oil king or sugar magnate that he may best administer the affairs of his kingdom and increase his inheritance to the greatest extent is something that we have yet to learn.

It is customary, however, for our great captains of industry to put their sons into business at a very early age and to compel them, as far as possible, to make money-getting and money-keeping the chief objects of their existence.

The young plutocrat, therefore, is apt to sober down very early in life, which is not to be wondered at when we consider the awful weight of the responsibilities he has to shoulder; and, once thoroughly engrossed with the affairs of enormous enterprises, he is not likely to be diverted by such inducements as the gaming table or the wine bubbles have to offer. But the young man who is merely moderately rich and whose prudent father has so tied up his inheritance that he can do nothing with it except draw the income as it accrues, finds himself idle from necessity if not by choice and compelled to choose between marriage and dissipation. He is certain to be regarded by all women as a most eligible match, though as a matter of fact he is one of the most dangerous marital experiments known to social science. In the hands of a woman clever and capable enough to control him he may indeed prove a pleasant and at times a useful companion, but unless such talents and energy as he possess are centred on some particular work, he is almost certain to go wrong, and the man who goes wrong after marriage is lost forever.

But in any event our shifting and uncertain commercial conditions make the mere holding of a fortune a hazardous and difficult matter, and it is safe to predict that of ten young men of to-day who are moderately wealthy, not more than two will find their fortunes unimpaired twenty years hence.

All these different claims having been duly considered, I am inclined to award the palm to the well-educated, well-bred, clear-headed and energetic young man who is just entering upon a commercial or professional career without a dollar in his pockets. Judged from almost any viewpoint, this young man is the very best sort of son-in-law for an American father, and even the thoroughly worldly young woman who desires only wealth and social success will find him far more likely to give her what she wants than any one not absolutely in the multi millionaire class

In short, I declare unhesitatingly in favor of the intelligent, industrious and physically sound pauper as the very best son in law that the American father can possibly acquire.

HURRICANE ISLAND

By H. B. Marriott Watson

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CHAPTER VIII—THE CAPTURE OF THE BRIDGE

I WALKED through the darkness to the head of the ladder where Ellison was on watch

"Any news?" I asked the quartermaster.

"No, sir; all quiet," he answered, and as I made to go down he cried out: "Where are you going, sir? Don't do that. You can't go there."

"It's all right," I answered. "Keep your eyes open. Nothing will happen to me; and don't be lured from the staircase, whatever occurs; and here, take my revolver: I'm on a mission of peace."

I slipped down the ladder and found myself in the gloom of the orlop deck. A lantern was hanging in the shrouds, and I had not reached it before I was challenged.

"It's the doctor, Gray," said I, recognizing his voice; "and come no earlier than you want him, I'll wager. There's more than one of you has got his gruel, I'm thinking."

He came into the light. "Are you armed, Doctor?" said he.

"You can feel," said I, and he clapped his hands down my pockets.

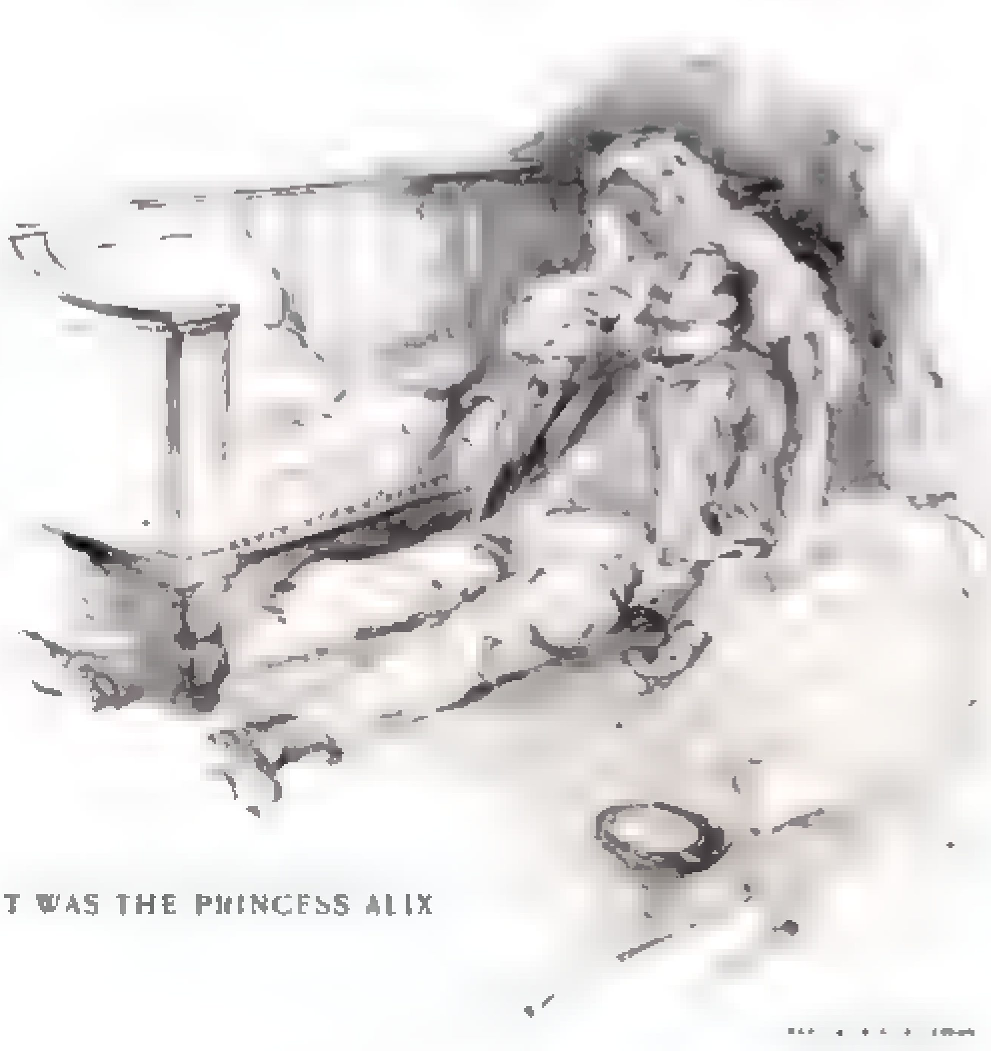
"Well, I don't know," he said in a hesitating way. "It's true enough. Davenport's dead as mutton, and Stephenson and Coyne are down in their bunks. But it's Mr. Holgate commands here. I'll call him." He went forward and whistled, and presently after two other men approached, one of whom I saw was Holgate by his rolling form

"Glad to see you, Doctor," he said cheerfully. "I was hoping to be honored by a visit, but, hang me, if I expected it! Come along, now, and let's get some light on the case."

He led the way into the forecastle quarters, and emerged into the room in which the hands had their meals, which was lit by electricity, as were all the cabins and saloons of the Sea Queen.

"These digs are not what I'm accustomed to, Doctor," he said, taking a seat. "I'm frank, you see; but, of course, I retire only to jump better. Isn't that how it goes? We jumped too soon, you see; and that was you If it had not been for that fool, Pierce! Twice the essential ass played into your hands. You were pretty smart, though I gave you a lead. There I was the fool."

"Well, Mr. Holgate, as between man and man you were," I said



IT WAS THE PRINCESS ALIX

He laughed. "Oh, it will work out all right, but it makes it bloody. Now, there was no need of blood in this little job, not if it had been rightly managed, and I'll take blame for that. No, you were my mistake."

He looked at me in his tense, unblinking way, as if he would have torn out of me on that instant what I thought and what I really was.

"I shall not be your last," I said indifferently.

"Have a drink," he said. "We've got some good champagne, all under lock and key, you bet, my son. That's not going to be my mistake, at any rate. I've not lived forty years for nothing. I'm going to pull this off."

"Thank you," said I; "but it's business I've come on '

"Business and 'the boy' go together in the city, I've heard," he answered. "Well, is it terms you want?"

"Oh, dear, no," I replied; "only an affair of mercy. You've got two wounded men, and there's McCrae "

He looked down for a moment

"McCrae was another mistake, but not mine," he said. "You can't do any good to McCrae. But you can see the others if you will. Not that that's what you've come for. Shall I tell you what, Doctor? You've come like the gentlemen who went to the Holy Land, and came back, carrying grapes, eh? I remember the picture when I was a boy: a precious huge bunch, too. Well, you can have the grapes if you'll take 'em in a liquified form and carry them in your belly."

I rose. "I'll see these men," I said abruptly.

He led me to the bunks, and I examined the wounded men. One was beyond hope; the other was but slightly injured; and I told Holgate the truth. He nodded

"I don't much want Coyne," he said musingly. "I've no use for him. He's a bungler."

The cold blooded way in which he delivered this heartless criticism raised in me a feeling of nausea. I was moving away when he stopped me.

"Stay, you're not going back empty-handed, Doctor, after all your kindness. Any one you'd like to see?"

I thought. "Yes," said I; "Naylor or Williams." Holgate moved out and lifted the hatch. "Naylor, ' he called. "Granger, let Naylor up " He turned to me. "We don't starve 'em. It's pretty comfortable 'tween decks when you're used to it."

I made no reply, and presently a voice hailed us from below.

"Is that Naylor?" asked Holgate.

"Yes."

"Naylor, here is the doctor inquiring after your health. Any questions he puts to you you are at liberty to reply to."

He moved away whistling cheerfully, and I called out:

"Naylor, I only want to know one thing: how many of you are there?"

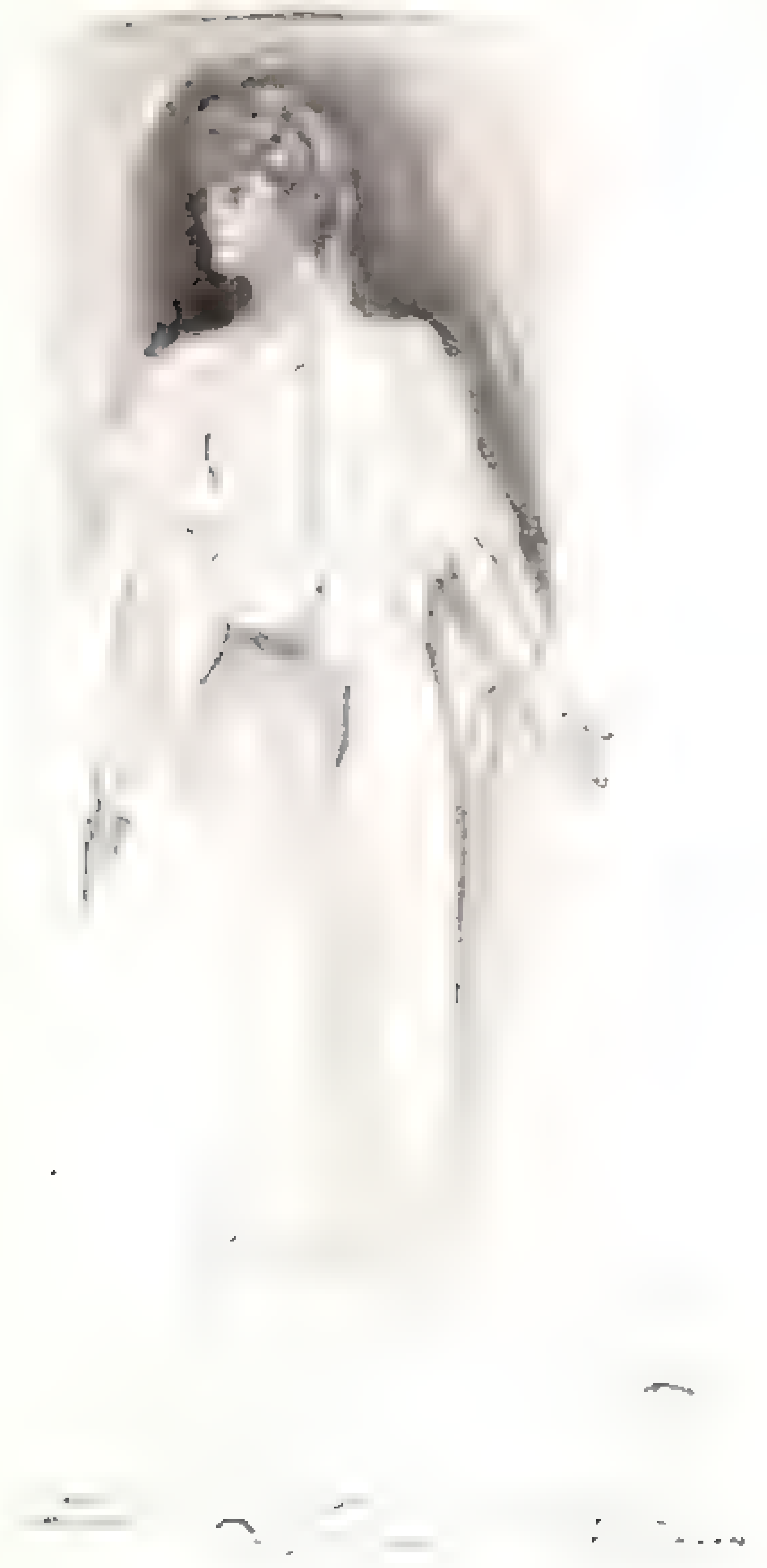
"Six, sir," said the man

"All under hatch?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well; keep up your hearts. This is not the end. Good-night."

I went to Holgate. "Really," said I lightly, "I find there are more honest men in this ship than I had anticipated."



"WHY HAVE THEY NOT COME HERE?"

I don't think he liked that. "You've got twelve," he said dryly. "And there's over thirty with me."

"You forget one thing," I said. "We have the wheel, and to-morrow you may find yourselves steaming cheerfully up the river to Buenos Ayres, like any good liner."

"That would be a pity, wouldn't it?" he said with a grin. "But you also forget one thing, Doctor — that is, I've got the engines. Supposing those engines stopped."

"Well, we can get a press of canvas on her," I suggested.

"You can," says he; "can you? What are you doing?"

"I think," said I, "that we have a good marksman on board."

"You're right," he said savagely, "and, by thunder! I won't forgive him for that. I had meant — by thunder! I'll play Old Harry and merry Hades to him for that. Lord, Doctor," he ended with a sneer, "to think of you sucking up to a petty Prince! or perhaps it's the ladies!"

"Yes, I hope you remember the ladies," said I. "It's not too late, Holgate."

He was silent a moment. "I take no stock in women," he said at length. "They're nothing to me. Let the little innocent birds go free. I'll tell you what, Doctor. I'll offer terms, and generous terms, considering I've got the trumps. I'll drop the whole pack of you at the mouth of the river, ladies and all, and add all personal possessions of every one save what's in the Prince's safe. Now, that's fair. I'll make you an ambassador. By gad, it will be the only chance you will ever have of being a Prince's ambassador." He laughed.

"Holgate," said I, "I've met many generous men, but you appropriate the gingerbread, as you might say. Now, I wish you good-night."

He advanced two steps toward me. "Doctor," said he gravely, "you've got to consider this. It's important. I'm not here to play marbles. It's a sure thing. I give you up there" — he made a movement of his thumb to the quarter-deck — "just this chance. Strike a bargain, and I'll see you through. There's not a ha'p'orth of harm will come to any. Otherwise. . . ." He shrugged his shoulders.

"Mr. Holgate," said I, "I will deal with you as freely as you seem to desire. This spells to you, in my opinion, one thing, and that's the dock."

"Oh, dear, no," he interrupted, smiling. "The men were discontented, dispatched a deputation, and were fired on by the Prince. English juries don't like these arbitrary German military ways."

"You forget McCrae," said I.

"No, I don't. There was an accident in the engine room, and the second engineer can bear witness to it, as well as some others. Oh, we stand very well, Doctor."

Even as he spoke I saw a shadow steal out of the deeper darkness and draw to his side. I made it out for Pierce, the murderer. I will say that that irruption of the ruffianly boatswain turned unexpectedly the course of my blood. I had seemed, somehow, to have been dealing with Holgate, as a scoundrel certainly, yet upon terms of fair warfare. But that shadow struck us all down to a lower level. Murder had been committed, and here was the murderer. Without one word I turned and made my way toward the ladder communicating with the upper deck.

I had no good news to offer to my comrades; indeed, had I spoken quite what was in my thoughts, it was a black prospect with which I must present them. But I did not wish to increase the tension of the situation, and merely recounted the facts I had gathered.

"Thirty against twelve," mused Day, "and there are six true men in the hold. Three dead men. We have opened well, gentlemen."

He looked round, sarcastically, as he spoke, but at once returned to his colder, formal manner. "They have the engine-room and we the bridge. That means that their attack will be on the bridge."

"I have no doubt that is what they mean," I said.

"Very well, gentlemen," said Day; "we know exactly where we are now, thanks to Doctor Phillimore. You have your stations. I shall be obliged if you will take them. We are likely to have a lively night."

"And let me say, gentlemen," said the Prince, raising his voice, "that I do not conceive it possible that a pack of mutineers can secure the control of the ship from their officers. It is inconceivable, I repeat. I shall be at your disposal, Captain," he turned to Day, "when it is necessary. I will take my share in the common danger and struggle." There was a murmur of applause at this, and we dispersed to our quarters. Legrand had the bridge, and the man at the wheel was turning the spokes as calmly as if there had been no such thing as an alarm or a rising. Down below all was quiet, and the engines were moving slowly. It was now about one in the morning, and on our beam the wind was rising. The yacht was making about eight knots and no more, and we were still a day's steam from Buenos Ayres. I paced the deck in cover of the charthouse for an hour or more in a condition of nervous impatience. Holgate, I knew, would move deliberately, but when he moved this time he would strike hard.

It was toward the dawn that, stopping in my walk, I listened, and heard amid the whistling of the wind and the wash of the water a little mutter of sound somewhere in the disintegrating darkness below. I called to Legrand under my breath, and I heard his "hsst." He was at attention, his ears straining in the wind to get news of what was passing. Then there was a shot, and the noise of a mêlée at the ladder. Oaths and shouts and the reports of revolvers echoed from the wooden walls.

"Can you see, Phillimore?" screamed Legrand against the wind.

"They are attacking the gangway," I shouted back. One of the two men who stood armed near me rushed forward.

"Go back, go back," thundered Legrand from the bridge. "Go to your post."

I was aware that the Prince had come out on the hurricane deck, which was on the level of the bridge, and as I peered into the gloom suddenly a shout from the second man in my neighborhood made me wheel sharply about. I turned in time to see him fire at some figures that came over the port side of the yacht. Immediately I guessed that this was the real attack, and that the assault on the ladder was but a diversion. I ran forward, calling to Legrand. I found Barraclough the other side of the deckhouses, using a cutlass, and I moved to his assistance. Three men had reached the deck, and a fourth was clambering over. The seaman who had called out fired wide, and the next moment went down under a heavy blow from the figure in front. I discharged a shot, but missed the man as he made his rush. Barraclough simultaneously gave way, and I saw him being pushed backward against the side of the saloon. I fired again at one of his assailants, who fell away with a curse, and just then the first flush of the coming dawn moved over the waters and shed a little light on the scene. It disclosed the burly form of Holgate in grips with Legrand, who had descended from the bridge, and Barraclough still struggling with his opponent. I had just time to make this out when one of the mutineers struck me with a heavy bar, and the blow, owing to a movement on my part, fell on my right arm and paralyzed it. He raised his weapon again while I fumbled to get the revolver out of my useless hand into my left, when Day suddenly emerged from somewhere with a leveled pistol. My antagonist dropped like a log, and I sprang at the man behind him. Day fired again, and then with an oath Holgate threw the second officer heavily to the deck and pointed a revolver. There was a pause of two seconds, then a report, and Day slipped, moved his arms helplessly, and slid along the deck. A shout now came from the other side of the ship, where the struggle at the gangway had been going on; and in a moment a stampede was upon us.

I was forced back by sheer weight of numbers to the head of the companionway, using my weapon with some wildness, for all was passing before me in confusion. I had received a hard crack on the head and scarcely knew what I was doing, and I was merely sustained in my resistance by a sense of continuity inherited, as it were, from the earlier part of the struggle. Somehow I found myself in the shelter of the corridor that led to the apartments of the Prince, his sister and his guest, and for some reason I could not with my dizzy head conjecture, I was alone. I looked down the corridor, which was in a gentle light, but saw nothing; it was silent as though it had been plunged in the profound peace and slumber of the night. Without, the racket of noises reached me as in a dream, and I remember that I sat down on a couch in the corridor, my empty revolver in my hand.

How long I sat there I do not know; but I think it could not have been very long. I was aroused by a voice, and looked up stupidly. A face floated in the mists before me, and I nodded in a friendly way, smiling, and opened my mouth to speak. Instead, I lurched forward, and was conscious of warm arms, the soft pressure of a human body, and a fragrance of a dress. There was a time when I seemed to sway alone in a cold and dreary vacancy, but soon there returned to my senses the warmth and the fragrance and the ineffable comfort of some presence. Some liquid was forced between my lips, and I drank; and as I drank my brain cleared, and I looked and was aware who was supporting me with her arm. It was the Princess Alix.

"Madam——" I began stuttering.

"Hush! Drink this," she said quickly. "We have need of you. We cannot spare a man like you. You have no dangerous wound?"

"I think not," I said with difficulty. "A blow on the head——"

My hand went feebly to it as I spoke, and came away with a patch of red. I rose and totteringly picked up my revolver, which had fallen. "What has happened?"

She shook her head. "I was up on the hurricane deck, but my brother sent me down. There is nothing to be heard. I was going out when I found you here."

"It is good of you," said I vaguely. "Let us go out, then. Take this weapon."

"I have one," said she quickly.

I nodded. "Brave girl!" said I gravely. "Brave heart, as brave as beautiful!" I felt vaguely I was paying her a necessary compliment, but that was all. Yet the corridor was clearing before me now, and the light of dawn was peering through the curtained windows.

Princess Alix had turned to the door which gave on the deck.

"If they have won," she said suddenly, in a low voice, "why have they not come here?"

I shook my head. "They do not want the saloon. They want other things," said I. "They want the strong rooms."

"Then are they——" she began.

"I cannot tell," said I. "I will go out."

"No," said she imperatively. "Wait!" Of a sudden a voice was raised in a scream from the farther end of the corridor. "'Tis mademoiselle," said she with a little frown. "She is impatient of my return. I must go back."

She glided off swiftly, and I stood by the door waiting for some moments. As she did not return I opened it softly, and

"NAYLOR,' HE CALLED. "GRANGER, LET NAYLOR UP" the strong wind of the morning sea took me in the face refreshingly. I stepped out upon the deck. The sky was as gray as the sea, and the silhouette of the spars and funnel was ghostlike. The Sea Queen thundered on her course, heeling to the broad wash of the water. As I stood watching, my ears alert for any sound that would give me information, I saw a figure detach itself from the bulwarks and move uncertainly about, and as it drew near I discovered that it was Pye's. His face was of a color with the gray steel of his revolver, which he held loosely as if he was not aware he held it

"Oh, my God!" he said in a hoarse whisper. "Oh, my God! I didn't know it was like this. Oh, my God!

"Pye," I called softly, and he started and dropped his pistol.

"Pick it up, man, and keep silence," I whispered. "Come this way." I took his arm and stealthily withdrew him into the corridor. "What has happened?"

He gazed at me wildly. "They have got the ship," he said with a whimper "Oh, I didn't know it would be like this."

I gave him a dose of the brandy which the Princess had brought for me, and it seemed to pull him together. He blinked at me through his glasses, and eyed me with some terror and distrust.

"Do you know how things stand?" I asked

He shook his head. "The captain's killed," he said falteringly. "I don't know about the others."

"We've got to find out," I said, and thought. Then, for I saw he would be of little use to me in his present state: "Look here, Pye, I'm going to explore while you keep this door. Mind you let no one in. We'll bolt it. See?"

I did so as I spoke, and, turning, found the Princess coming down the corridor. I explained to her the situation, and added that Pye would be placed on guard. She cast a glance at him, and looked at me inquiringly

"I'm going down to the saloon below," I said. "This set of cabins is isolated except for the doors at each end of the deck and the door that gives on the staircase to the saloon. Can I depend on you to hold out for five minutes? A shot will bring me up at a moment's notice."

"Yes," she said breathlessly

I opened the second door that admitted to the staircase and glanced down. No one was visible and no sound was audible. I turned, nodded reassuringly to the Princess, and descended. The saloon was empty, and there were no signs of any struggle. I passed along the passage toward the officers' quarters, but everything was in order; and finally retraced my way toward the kitchens which abutted on the engine-room, but were separated from it by a thick partition of steel and wood. As I went the yacht rolled and sent me against a closed door with a heavy bump. From within issued a sound, subdued but unmistakable as that of a human voice. I reflected that the mutineers would not be here, for it was evident that the door was locked, and no mutineer would secure himself in a cabin in the midst of his triumph. I rapped loudly on the door and called out

"It's Phillimore Who is in here?"

After a pause I heard the bolt go back, and the door opened a little, disclosing the face of Lane.

"You, Doctor?" he said. "Thank the Lord we're not all done yet." He flung the door wide, and I could see that his companion was the head steward.

"Where's the Prince?" I asked anxiously

"I don't know," he said, heaving a big sigh. "Thank the Lord there's some one else alive. I was forced down the companionway and fell. Lost my weapon, too, or I'd have showed more fight. Great Scott! I rolled all the way down not before I'd done for one or two, I tell you."

"Well, you're wanted upstairs now," said I; "both of you. We've got the ladies on our hands, and we've got to find out where the Prince is. Day is dead."

Lane whistled

"Poor beggar!" he observed; "but Jackson must stay here. This is our magazine, my boy—where the grub is If we've got to stand a siege we've got to seize the grub chest. The storage chamber's along here."

The advice seemed excellent

"Yes," I answered, "that is true Well, let Jackson wait here and lie low. He won't be discovered here

"I dare say the cook's somewhere hidden about here, sir," observed Jackson

"All the better. Find him if you can, and remember that if we pull through this means a big business for you"

"Yes, sir," he assented mildly.

"Now, then, Lane." I went on, and the purser followed me into the saloon. We mounted the staircase, and I took the chance of closing the doors at the head that gave access to the deck. Then I rapped on the door that gave on the Prince's corridor. It was opened by the Princess eagerly.

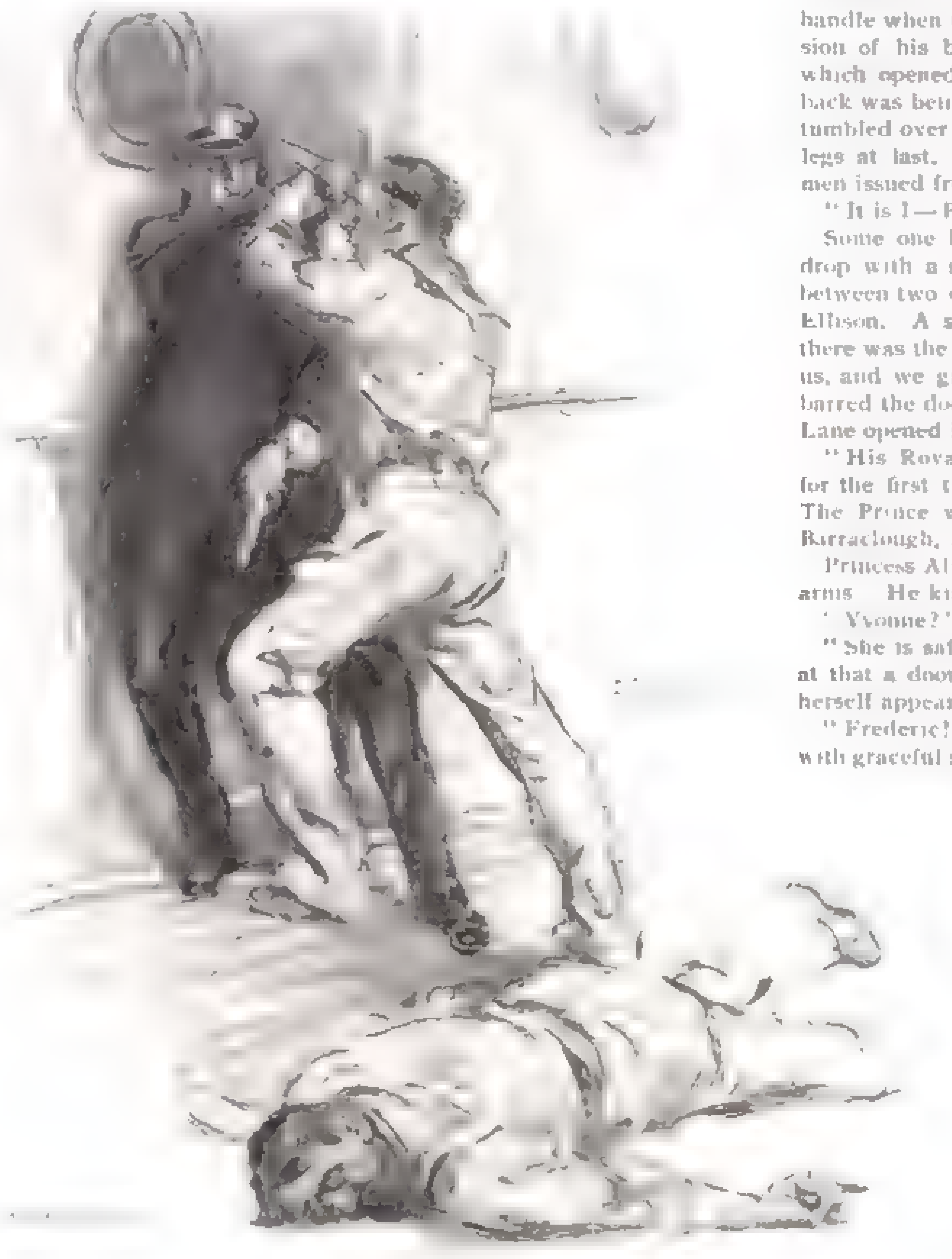
"We are two more, Miss Morland," I said cheerfully "and here is one of them."

She sighed, and then looked over at the couch on which Pye sat huddled "That man's no use," she said contemptuously. "He's been doing nothing but drink brandy"

"Then you must hold one door, Lane, and Miss Morland the other," said I

"But you——" she paused

"I am going on another expedition You must let me out and in Two knocks will warn you."



I SAW HIM BEING PUSHED BACKWARD AGAINST THE SIDE OF THE SALOON

So saying, I slipped the bolt and got out on deck. I could discern on the bridge the portly form of Holgate struck with rising light. The figure of a man was visible a little in front of me by the chart house. I heard Holgate's voice raised wheezily in orders. As I crouched under the shelter of the cabins on the lee side I became aware of a faint but continuous line just over the bulwarks, and then the explanation of the mysterious silence on the yacht dawned on me. It was the coast line, from which we could not be more than a couple of miles away, and in the confusion of the fight, no doubt, the Sea Queen had lost her course and been driven inshore. It had, therefore, become imperative for Holgate to devote his attention and the activities of his men to the danger that threatened, more particularly as the heavy wind had threshed itself into a gale abeam. It was obvious from the calm that reigned among the mutineers that the Prince and his following were either dead or prisoners. Which had been their fate? The shadow of the man in front of me, scarcely a dozen paces away, turned and stooped and seemed to put his ear to the woodwork. It must be (I reflected) the chart-house door by which he stood. What was he listening for? Was it possible that some of our men were shut up in the chart house? I shuffled a step or two nearer and watched him. He was fully armed, for I could make out a weapon in his hand, and he had something by his side, probably a cutlass. It was probable that he was placed guard over the prisoners. I drew two steps closer still. Holgate's voice still painfully dominated the wind and water, and I ventured yet a pace nearer. Did he turn now the man must see me, for I was, in the gray light of the dawn, a deeper shadow than the wooden walls by which I lurked. My hands twitched, and I almost seemed to have sprung before I did spring. Then I knew I was on his back and had a leg twisted about his legs. He fell heavily, and I thrust a hand across his mouth. He struggled hard, writhing upon the deck under the weight of my body like a snake. Hastily I dragged a handkerchief from my pocket and pushed it into his mouth. The struggling increased. I glanced up and found that we had fallen under the door of the chart-house; also in that same glance I observed that the key was in it No doubt it had been turned on the outside. I reached up a hand, but missed the key by a few inches. The endeavor had loosened my hold of my prisoner, and I was flung against the door with a thud, but I hurled myself upon him again just in time to prevent him from withdrawing the gag. In the struggle that ensued I managed to push him a little closer under the door, and then, with a desperate effort, stretched out and turned the key. I was fumbling for the handle when the man once again evicted me from the possession of his body, and I fell in a heap, jamming the door, which opened outward. But on that I was aware that my back was being jarred and scored, and the next instant I was tumbled over at the foot of the mutineer, who had got on his legs at last. The door was thrust open with a noise, and men issued from it, stepping over my body

"It is I—Phillimore," I gasped. "Run for the cabins."

Some one helped me to my feet, and I saw the mutineer drop with a sword point through him; and then we ran, I between two of the others, one of whom I was conscious was Ellison. A shout sailed down to us from the bridge, and there was the noise of a revolver shot, but, luckily, it missed us, and we gained the companionway in safety, locked and barred the door, and knocked on the entrance to the corridor. Lane opened it.

"His Royal Highness, by gum," he cried excitedly, and for the first time I was able to recognize my companions. The Prince was there, safe and scatheless, and with him Barraclough, Ellison and a fourth man, who was Grant.

Princess Alix rushed on her brother, and was taken to his arms He kissed her affectionately

"Yvonne?" he said.

"She is safe," said the Princess, withdrawing herself, and at that a door down the corridor opened and mademoiselle herself appeared

"Frederic!" she cried ecstatically, and hastened toward us with graceful movements. "Ah, Frederic, it is cruel to leave me so. I wish I were back in Paris. Oh, *mon Dieu*, what a voyage, what a ship!"

As they embraced I turned my head away, for this reunion of lovers was no sight for public eyes, and as I did so I swept the Princess in my vision. Her face had fallen dead and chill, and I thought that a little curl of her lips betrayed some impatience with these demonstrations. Meanwhile, Barraclough was narrating in his deliberate way the adventures of the party; but I cut him short, only asking one question

"Where is Legrand?"

"They took him up and carried him forward, but I couldn't say if he was dead"

"We have no time to lose," I said "They may attack at any moment, and we have too much space to defend for comfort"

"Why, we can manage this well enough," said he easily.

"And be starved," said I. "No; we must keep the access to the saloon and the kitchens, and that means precautions. Look at the windows through which we may be approached."

"Doctor Phillimore is right," said the Prince in his deep voice. "We must guard the windows."

"We must close them," said I. "Grant, you can use tools. Ellison, you and Grant do what you can. There is plenty of woodwork to draw on—doors and trappings in the cabins The portholes are useless to the mutineers, but they can enter by the skylights or the windows. They must be all barred. We are in a state of siege

"You hear your orders?" said the Prince in his imperious voice. "The doctor speaks sense. See that it is done."

Barraclough and Lane and the Prince himself were left on guard, and the rest of us sallied down to hunt for tools and timber to carry out this primitive fortification. In this we had the assistance of the steward, Jackson, and the cook, who had been discovered in one of his pantries. The work took us a full hour or more, but at last it was decently accomplished. The windows of the saloon and music-room that gave on the deck were shuttered, as also the windows of the cabins. Nothing but the skylights remained unprotected, and these we could trust ourselves to guard. I reckoned that we were in a position to stand a siege indefinitely, unless something untoward occurred. The fortifications completed, we stationed our guards, two in the corridor, two in the saloon, and sat down at last wearied out with the fatigue of that abominable night.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶All's fair in love, war—and St. Louis.

¶Knock, and others will "open up" on you.

¶Enthusiasm is not measured by megaphones.

¶Don't give up—till you get a good price for what you give up.

¶It is better to stick to narrow convictions than to have no convictions.

¶When President Roosevelt objected to race suicide he did not mean the Presidential race.

¶Perhaps if the brides carried well-filled pocketbooks in the procession up the aisle there would not be so many frightened grooms at the altar rail.

The Things that Endure

VASILI VERESTCHAGIN, the great Russian painter who went down with his boyhood friend Makaroff on the Petropavlovsk, was once a claimant for the Peace Medal which is awarded every five years at The Hague. This medal is bestowed on the one who during the five years contributed most to universal peace. It was contended that Verestchagin, by depicting the horrors of war, had rendered such a service to humanity. But the judges decided differently. The head of the Red Cross Society won the honor. Verestchagin's friend called this award paradoxical, for, he said, the Red Cross Society is "the only organization that in modern times has made any contribution looking to the establishment of comfort in war."

Such men as Rudyard Kipling and Conan Doyle have paid their tributes to Charles Reade. Others have gone further and pronounced him the strongest story-teller of the past century. The tremendous vitality in his work filled us all with admiration; here seemed the genius that would hold its spell through all the generations. But it is found that the demand for his books constantly grows less. He is slipping away from the public appreciation. A recent writer has brought forward an interesting and reasonable explanation. It is that the bitter does not endure in literature—and Charles Reade was magnificently bitter. A more recent author, whose chances for immortality are regularly under discussion, received this verdict from one of the ripest of American scholars: "He will not last. His coarseness will gradually kill his fame. Art has no permanent place for vulgarity."

Every day—twice a day, in the morning and evening editions—we meet the argument that publishing crime prevents crime, that holding up the bad promotes the good. But does not this ethics fall before the judgment of time and the better feelings of mankind?

Horror, bitterness, vulgarity and criminal details, however noble the purpose of their exploitation, are still horror, bitterness, vulgarity and criminal details, whether they be in art, literature or journalism. The things that endure and that win medals and immortality are the cleaner and sweeter achievements, impulses and enterprises of life.

He is not a wise man who tries to build monuments out of mud or who dips his brush in blood to paint a picture of peace.

Where the Money Goes

THE public is getting a good deal of comparative political statistics just now—what our governments, State and National, are costing us in comparison with what they used to cost; whether Democrats or Republicans are more expensive; whether foreign peoples are more or less heavily taxed than we. All this figuring is as unimportant as it is dull. It is a mass of dreary rubbish.

In these affairs there is only one question that we can fairly put with the hope of finding a truthful and valuable answer: Is the public money both wisely and honestly appropriated?

If so, then all's well. If not, turn the failures out—whether they are rascals or incompetents doesn't especially matter.

The Root of Corruption

THE root of political corruption in our country seems to be the intrusting of large powers to small officials. When such places as State legislator, councilman, county commissioner and the like were created the population was sparse, and there was no value in the public utilities under their control. The offices still remain insignificant in salary and in honor, and therefore do not attract the honest and capable man, but they do attract the dishonest man, because with the growth of population and the development of franchises they offer large opportunities for safe stealing.

And most of the corruption in high places is due to efforts to conciliate and win the support of these rascal petty officers and heelers who control, if they do not actually constitute, the nominating machinery for all offices, from President, Senator and Governor down.

The remedy is to remove power from petty officials and, if it must be put somewhere and cannot be withheld altogether, put it on the men in the big offices.

The Yellow Peril

A BUSINESS man said the other day: "When I went to the opening of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition I found in the building devoted to various industries only one exhibit ready—that was the Japanese."

Wherever we look in upon the activities of the Japanese we find this same thoroughness, preparedness. They seem to combine intelligence with patience, grasp of the whole with grasp of details. They seem to work like a perfect engine—with a minimum of loss of energy. And they know and obey the laws of health.

There is much talk of the "yellow peril." Does it not analyze down to a dread of this patient, painstaking, intelligent energy of the Japanese mind and character?

To avert the "yellow peril" we must either brace up or must somehow teach the Japanese our vices. Either we must acquire their love of doing the task thoroughly, or we must teach them to drink, to overeat, to get pleasure out of doing silly, useless things instead of out of work, to be crazy to seem to be somebody instead of ambitious to be somebody.

The howl against the yellow peril sounds suspiciously like a variation upon the familiar, lazy, sloven's shriek against "cut-throat competition."

A New Form of Philanthropy

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE is not only progressive himself, but he is a cause of progressiveness in others. Many citizens of a Canadian town contend that his offer of $7500 to that town for a library should be spurned, because he has spoken disrespectfully of Canada and of the late Queen Victoria. One of the independent citizens reminded his townsmen at a mass meeting that "many municipalities with no other incentive than repudiating this man's gifts had established free public libraries."

Here is a suggestion for a new development of philanthropy. Mr. Carnegie has given away over $100,000,000, but his fortune, vast as it is, has limits. He cannot do at his own expense everything that needs to be done in the world. But it appears that by a judicious cultivation of the gentle art of making enemies he can sting people into doing things for themselves. These Canadian towns were going along contentedly without libraries, and probably if they had not been jolted out of their self-complacency it never would have occurred to them to indulge in such an extravagance. But Mr. Carnegie first rubbed their fur the wrong way with his unconventional remarks and then insulted them with his proffered benefactions. They would show him a thing or two, and forthwith they built their own libraries, leaving him with that much more money to give away in other quarters.

Let benevolent millionaires in general take the hint. Let the philanthropist save his real money for objects that actually need it. When he sees something that ought to be done in a community that can afford to do it for itself, let him stir up the animals with irritating words and then throw in a condescending offer of charity. The offer will be rejected with scorn, the thing will be done by the indignant community, and the millionaire can turn to something else with the satisfying sense of duty well performed at no expense.

A Blessing in Disguise

LOOKING at the Russo-Japanese war from the standpoint of friendliness toward the Russian people, which would benefit them more—a victory for their government or that government's utter and humiliating defeat?

It is true that, as a rule, a people has as good a government as it deserves. But when a people, through custom, or inertia, or military despotism, is cursed with such a rotten and incompetent aristocratic bureaucracy as rules the Russians and their Czar, what other way for sharp improvement is there but the complete abasement of the bureaucracy? Anger and shame are two of the most effective prods in the armory of progress.

To know the Russian people is to like them, is to admire them—and, alas, to pity them. They are ready for the greatest forward step since Czar Peter brought them into touch with Western civilization. It may be that Japan is to be the instrument to this.

The Boy Behind the Buttons

IF WE were intrusted with the work of selecting candidates for patience-and-longsuffering medals we should not hesitate to choose boys between the ages of seven and fourteen, boys of well to-do parents or of parents who had much money.

These unfortunates are the true martyrs of progress. The poor boys do not count, because they do not have a surplus of clothes to bother them; the reason they rise to the great things of life is because they are not held back by buttons, sashes, holders and general hitching-straps. They can get out of the swimming hole and make a full toilet before the sunbonnet coming over the hill can stand full upon the horizon. They are all right. They have their fun and deserve no praise.

But the other boys, the boys on whom the fond mother dotes and for whom she runs up large bills at the department stores! By the time one of them gets dressed he has gone through enough misery and mystery to make a saint under civil service rules hand in his resignation. If this boy's father had to put on all those things, fasten all the contrivances, and stand just so until it was over, the family doctor would be sending him to a rest cure within twenty-four hours. And when, in the absence of the mother, this father has to undo his offspring, his whole aspect changes color—his face gets red, his hair turns gray, and his language becomes blue. But the boy bears it like an angel. Talk about your heroes and the men behind the guns! What are they compared with the boy behind the buttons?

The Decline of Courtesy

THAT familiar toast—"Here's to Woman—once our superior, now our equal"—is much more than a clever bit of banquet fooling. It was a jest when first spoken; it is taken as fact now.

We have seen in recent years a steady diminution of the deference to woman which in the past century was a part of every boy's education. Even the bow, once a genuflection of real compliment, has deteriorated into a fashionable shrug, the kiss is unmentionable except as a microbe exhibit, and as for surrendering comforts from a sense of duty, here is the very latest authority from the very latest book of etiquette: "The old custom of a man giving up his seat in a street car to a woman is being gradually done away with. This is due largely to the fact that women are now so extensively engaged in commercial business that they are constant riders at busy hours, and thus come into direct competition with the men," and we find this delicious passage in the further elaboration of the rules: "A woman should not look with a pained and injured air at the men passengers because no one of them has offered her a seat." Really, it comes as a balm to the soul to be told that "A man should never cross his legs or keep his feet extended in the passageway."

Custom rules, and it does little good to sigh for the good old days. Still, we shall cling to the belief that good manners cannot go wholly out of fashion, that deference to woman is excellent not only for the woman but for the man, and that the gentleman who is guided by the better promptings of his nature and the higher teachings of his youth will get more abiding satisfactions out of life than by ignoring woman simply because she dares to try the only way of becoming independent—by making her own living.

Sequil, or Things Whitch Aint Finished in the First

By Henry A. Shute

Author of The Real Diary of a Real Boy

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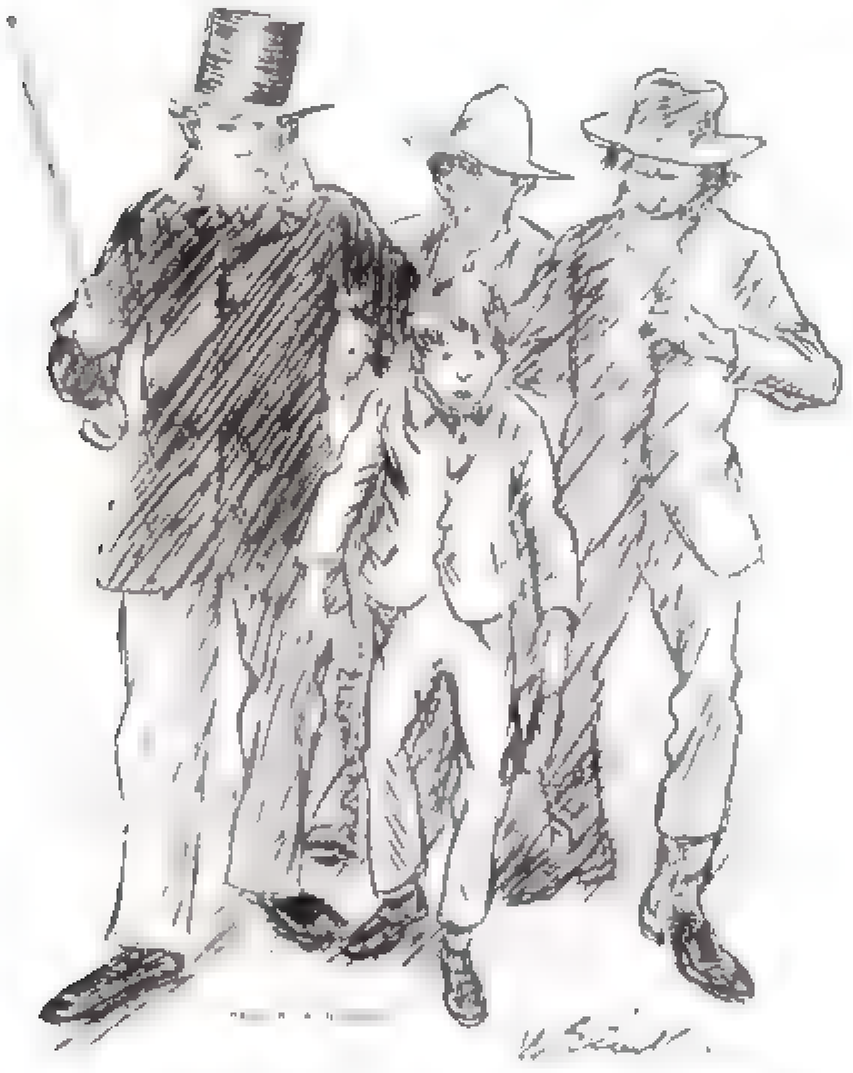


MISTER WATSON BEANYS FATHER CAME OVER WITH BEANY AND 2 MEN

APRIL 11, 186— Brite and fair. father is going to have some geese. he went to Dal Gilmors and Dal said you cood keep geese for nothing becaus all they et was grass and father says he can raise geese on grass until october and then kill them and sell them and make lots of money. ennyway they was grass enuf becaus we want going to have enny garden since father steped on the rake. Dal Gilmor has got a old goose whitch is more then 30 years old. i bet he is tuf.

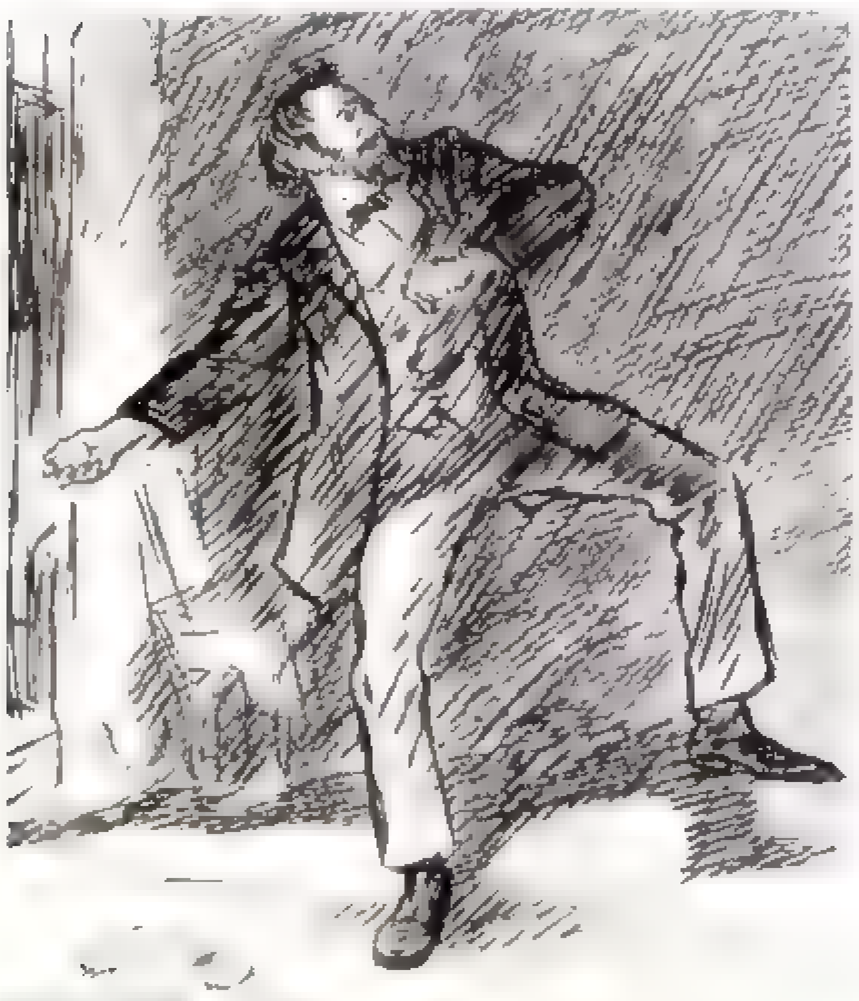
APRIL 12, 186— Brite and fair. father came home to-nite erly and we begun to make a geese pond. we took a barel and cut it in 2 and made 2 tubs. then we dug a hole in the garden and put in 1 tub and filled it with water. it made a buly pond. next saterday father is coming home erly and we are going to hampton falls to get some geese eggs.

APRIL 13, 186— Rany. Franky fell out of bed last nite. father said it was my falt. the baby had the crope. father says something is always the matter.

APRIL 14, 186— brite and fair. Frank Hanes has got a dog like Beanys. his name is Dime, I bet he can fite.

APRIL 15, 186— still clowdy. beany has got a dog, it is black and tan, not 2 dogs but jest 1. his name is Gip and he can fite.

APRIL 16, 186— clowdy but no rane. i put some minnies in the geese pond today. it was after church and i got them yesterday. they wood have dide in the tin pail, so it wasent rong to put them in Sunday. tomorrow we are going down to get the geese eggs.



HE TOOK THE EGGS AND PLUGED THEM AS FAR AS HE COOD

APRIL 17, 186— brite and fair. i am wrighting this in bed. it has been a prety tuf day i tell you. father coodent come home erly becaus he had to wirk, so he give me fifty cents and me and Beany went down to hampton falls after the geese eggs. well we got them and started home. we had Beanys fathers horse and we saw a old black horse by the side of the road and Beany said i wood like to plug him with a geese egg. i said praps they is a roten egg there. so we shook the eggs till by and by they was one whitch ratled. then Beany choze to plug him and he let ding at him and the egg hit him a paister rite in the side and broak and spatered him all over with yellow, and he kicked up and ran away before i cood get a nother egg. then we went on till we saw 2 cows and we shook the eggs again till we got 2 whitch ratled and when we went by we stood up in the wagon and let ding at the cows. i hit one rite in the frunt of her head and the yellow ran down over her nose and Beany hit the other in the side and then a man holered at us and we licked the horse and drove of lively. then we saw a cat sitting in a barn door and we both let ding at her but dident hit her and both eggs smached agenst the barn and the cat ran into the barn and a man came out with a tin pail in his hand and a little stool in the other and holered at us and we licked up the horse again. after that we dident plug enny more for they was only 7 eggs left and they only ratled a little. when we got home Beany let me out and i told father about the eggs being roten, he was prety mad and said i had aught to have shook them before i took them. he asked me what i did with the roten eggs and i said i threw them away and jest then Mister Watson Beanys father came over with Beany and 2 men and it was the same man whose horse we pluged with the roten eggs, and the man who holered at us when we plugged the old cows. the man grabed me by the coller and told father i was the wirst boy in the town and if father dident lick me out of my skin he wood, and father said hold on there, they aint nobody going to lick my boy unless he licks me ferst, and he walked up to the man prety quick, and the man let go my coller and father said if they is enny licking to be done i can do all that is necesary, and the man said we are going to have him arested, and father said what has he done and the man said these two boys has been throwing rocks at my horse and have cut a big gash in his side and he is all over blud, and the other man said we had been pluging rocks at his cows and had cut one on the head and one on the side. well me and Beany said we only threw geese eggs at them and the blud was the runny part of the eggs and we crossed our throtes and hoped to die if it wasent so, and father said to the man did you xamine the gash and he said he was so mad when he see the horse that he hitched up the other horse and followed us and told his hired man to look after the horse and brogt the other man to. so father said to Beanys father to hich up his horse and we wood go down and see if we had lied to him and he said if i had lied to him he wood give me the wirst licking i ever had. well jest as we were going to get in the wagon the man whitch had the tin pail and the stool in his hand come driving up and said we had been pluging roten eggs at his barn and father said he wood be cussed if he ever saw such boys, and me and Beany said we dident mean to hit the barn but we pluged at the cat and dident hit her. then the other men told him about the horse and cows and he said it was only roten eggs and then they felt beter, and they said they was willing to let us of with a good licking, but father said he woodent lick me for ennybody else, but he wood pay them for their truble and they said they wood setle for fifty cents each and i had to pay it out of my cornet money. i only had one dollar and 30 cents but Aunt Sarah give me 20 cents. i beleive i had rather got a licking for it will take me 6 weaks to ern so much money and i wood have got over a licking as soon as i got to sleep. then father sent me to bed. i wonder if Beanys father licked him. i shall know tomorow.

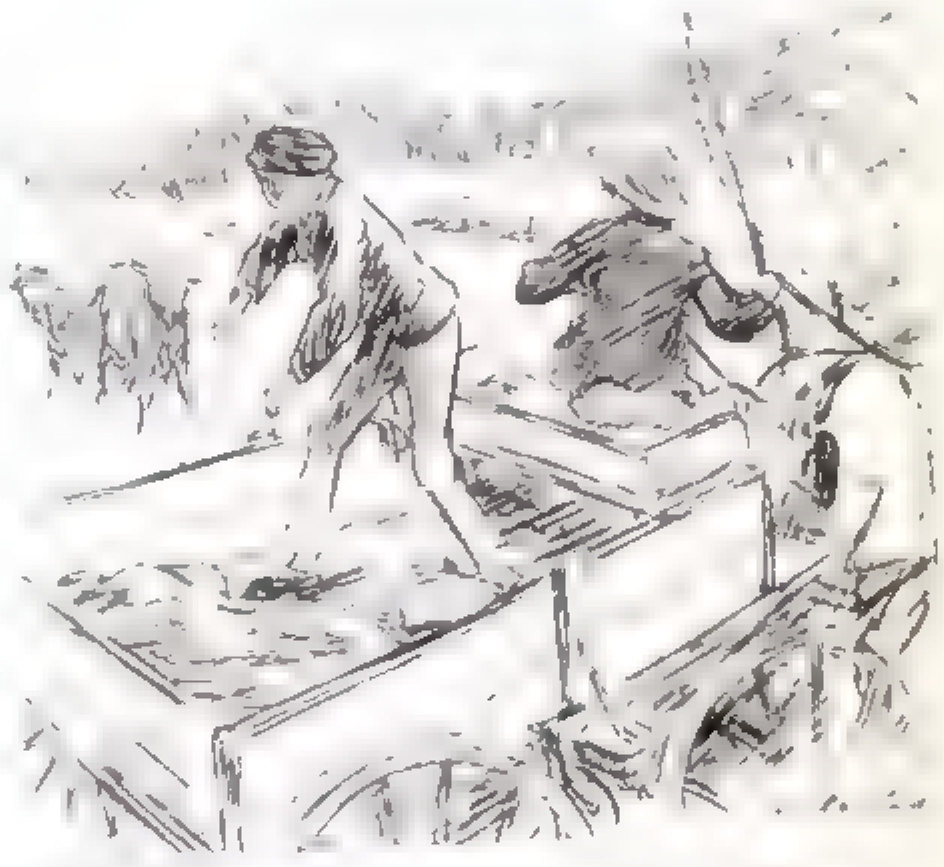
APRIL 18, 186— Brite and fair. Beany dident get licked.

APRIL 19, 186— Brite and fair. i bet father cood have licked those 3 hampton falls men together easy.

APRIL 20, 186— Brite and fair. i shall never get that cornet

APRIL 21, 186— i had some fun today. thay wasent enny school today becaus old Francis had to go to a funeral or something so i bilt a nest for my hens.

APRIL 22, 186— Brite and fair. father aint going to have enny geese. tonite we got a old yellow hen of Sam Dire and set her on 7 eggs in the horsestal, and then we had super. nothing hapened at super xcept that Keen got sent to bed for sticking out her tung at father when she thought he wasent looking but he was, becaus he woodent let her go over to see Lucy Watson Beanys sisters new hat. well after it was dark father said i forgot to pay Sam for his hen and he started rite acros the garden to go over to Sam Dires and it was dark and i herd a auful splash and thumping round and feerful swaring and i knew father was in the geese pond. i woodent dass to wright down what he said, if i had said what he did he wood have sent me to bed for a year. well he came limping home and swaring into the house and he made me get a lanten and we went out to the barn and he took the old hen by her hind legs and swung her round jest as we fellers do when we plug apples on a stick and pluged her way over in Sam Dires yard and then he took the eggs and pluged them as far as he cood and told me to fill up the pond tomorow or he wood lick me. then we went in and mother and aunt Sarah nearly killed themselves laffin and father said i spose you wood laff if i killed myself and when i went up to bed i laffed easy and Keene and Cele were laffing under the bed close. bimeby i herd father laffin and then we all laffed loud. jest think i had to pay a dollar and a half of my cornet money for pluging 5 eggs and father pluged 7 eggs and a old hen and dident have to pay ennything. ennyway it was fun to see him



I HIT ONE RITE IN THE FRUNT OF HER HEAD

APRIL 23, Brite and fair. i filled up the geese pond. it was sunday but it was after dark

APRIL 24, 186— Brite and fair. when father came home i told him i had filled up the geese pond and he asked me where the tub was and when i said i had filled it up he said i was a loonatic and dident know enuf to go in when it raned. so he made me dig out the tub and fill in the hole. i tell you i have to wirk prety hard

APRIL 25, 186— Brite and fair. today old man Thirsten Medos father came to the house and told mother someone had pluged roten eggs at his barn. mother dident know what to say for a minit for she dident want to tell about fathers falling into the geese pond, so she said she was very sure i hadent done it but she wood speak to father about it, so when

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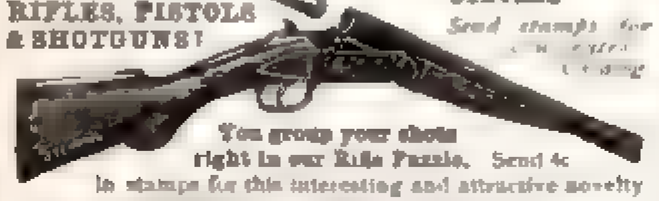

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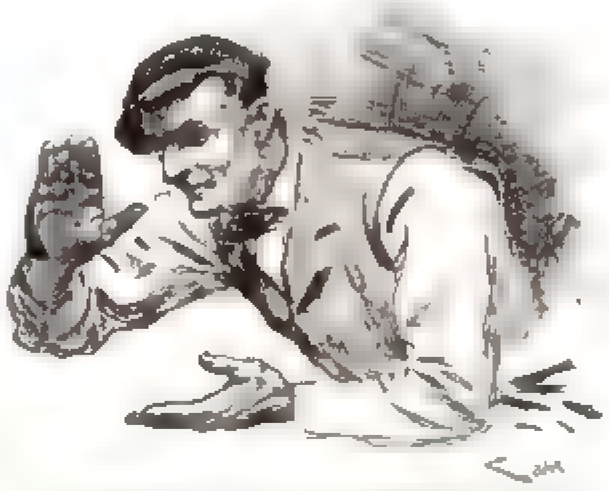
father got home old man Thirsten came up to the house and said George that cussed boy of yours has been pluging roten eggs at my barn and father said this time Kimball, his name is Kimball, he dident do it for he was with me all the evening til he went to bed. so father and old man Thirsten went down to see the barn and it was all spatered with yellow. then old man Thirsten said he wood give a dolar to know who the scowndril was whitch pluged those eggs, and father said i wish you cood Kimball, it is a outrage, and father looked auful funny, jest as he did when he scart old Ike Shute that time on the high school steps when we went home father kept laffing and when he told mother she said it was a shame and he aught to make it rite with him and so father bought a sawhoss of him, he sells sawhosses, and i have got to use it somehow i always get the wirst of it.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"Miller's Sweet Pea Soap"

By Charles Battell Loomis



ANOTHER ROAR ANSWERED HIS

HE HAD been a variety performer, but a too frequent indulgence in the rosy had brought him to a state where life was a burden and he did not much care how soon it ended

It was toward the close of a spring afternoon, and he sat on one of the benches in Madison Square, wondering why he had wasted his life, and wishing he could get a quarter to buy him a meal, when a passer-by stopped and said.

"Hello, Bill Starkins"

He hadn't been called Bill Starkins for twenty years — on the boards he had been Billy Devoe — and he looked up to see who it was who had penetrated his disguise of dissipation and found the man beneath.

The passer-by was a well-dressed New Yorker, and while Billy gazed at him out of dull eyes he said:

"Don't know me, do you? and yet I haven't changed a little bit."

"Why, it's Zack Miller."

"Right you are. What's happened, Billy? Hasn't the world been treating you well?"

"Treated me too often, I guess," said the wreck with a half-smile as he accepted the outstretched hand of Zack Miller and shook it with warmth. Zack and he had been boys up in the same Vermont town, and the sight of the breezy, wholesome, boyish man was like a breath of new-mown hay from one of the hillside farms of his native place. Life looked different to him already, and all on account of a pleasant word from a former friend

"Doing anything?" said Zack

"I've done pretty much everything from people up to time, but it's pretty near over now, Zack, for a fact. Can't leave the booze alone."

As Miller looked at him a fantastic idea entered his head, and he said impulsively:

"See here, Billy, suppose we make a fresh start — clean clothes and something to do. I think I can use you in my business — that is, if you have the same accomplishments you used to have. Come up to my house and I'll rig you out, and then we'll have dinner and talk it over and go to the circus together. Great show."

Billy looked in a dazed sort of way at the big electric-light sign on Madison Square tower that announced the one and only circus.

"What's eatin' yer, Zack? We ain't kids."

"Plenty of time to guess what I'm after when you've washed up and got into something decent and filled your inside. I live

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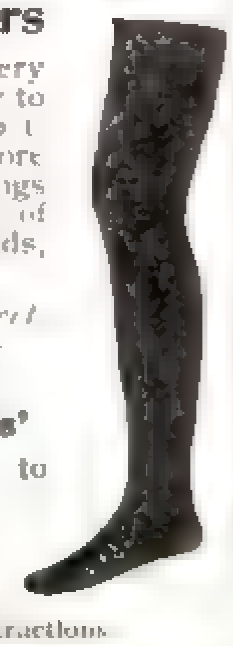

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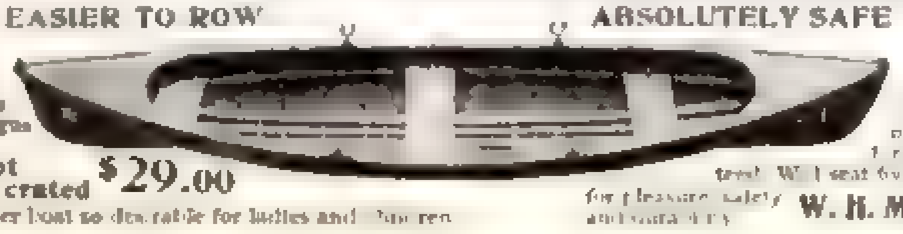

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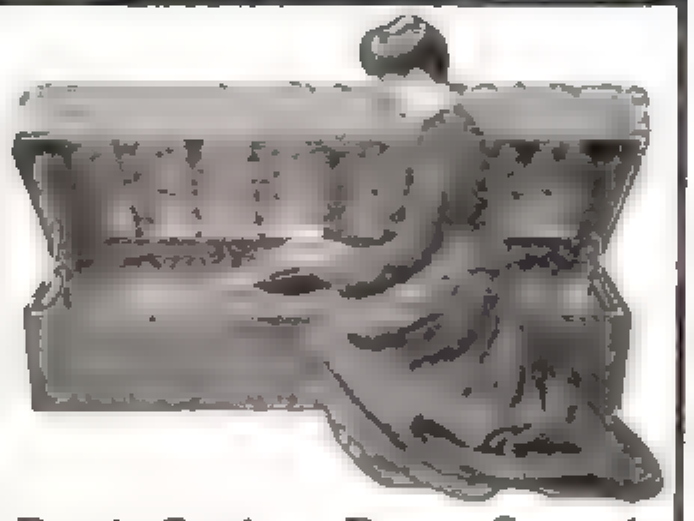

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over here on Twenty-fifth Street, and we'll go right along and have something to eat and — no, not drink, but eat and bathe, and if you don't find I'm steering you to something pretty slick I'm a josher."

Wondering what was coming to him, Billy shambled along beside the spruce Mr. Miller and in a few minutes he found himself taking a bath and really liking it, and later he was treated to a decent suit of clothes from the skin out; and when he looked at himself in a mirror he felt there was some hope yet — only he did wish he could have a drink.

Dinner followed, and then the two walked up to where the crowds were going to the show.

Miller had explained to Bill what he wanted, and the latter had expressed not only satisfaction but delight in the scheme.

As they entered the lobby Miller said:

"We've got the best soap on the market, but I haven't enough money to advertise as I'd like to in the magazines. Still, I think that this is bound to make a go, and the rest will come after. Awfully glad you have a mustache."

"Oh, it wouldn't make any difference. I got my little $100 per in the palmy days when me and drink were strangers, and I was smooth shaved."

And then the band struck up and the Congress of Nations entered, and Billy recollected the first circus that he had ever attended, a one-ring, tawdry affair, but a fairyland of delight to him and Zack. They had crept under the tent and had managed to secure the best seats in the place, and then and there Billy had made up his mind to become a slack-wire walker, while Zack had chosen lion-taming as his own profession.

And now Zack was interested in Miller's Sweet Pea Soap, while Billy was or had been next door to suicide.

In course of time the performing seals came out and did stunts that placed them easily at the head of intelligent animals. Where is the dog who can spin plates or perform the balancing tricks that these slimy creatures do with ease and zest?

After the smartest of them had been treated to at least a dozen fish, which he bolted whole, his trainer said:

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, I will ask my educated friend here from the frozen North to sing and talk. You may not be able to understand all he says, but he understands what I say, and there are many men and women getting salaries as singers to-day whose voices are not as good as his."

Then he went up to the seal and said:

"Peary, speak to all these brilliant ladies and gentlemen."

"Go ahead," said Miller to Bill. They were sitting just in front of the ring in which the seals were performing. Bill nodded his head, and then the seal opened his mouth and gave vent to one or two hoarse barks which might have been more articulate but which were certainly amusing. And then with his fishy, yet doglike, mouth he said, to the great astonishment of every one in the mammoth hall:

"Miller's Sweet Pea Soap is the best in the market. Ten cents a cake, but worth a quarter."

The trainer jumped back at least a yard. Recovering himself in a minute, and realizing the enhanced value of the act, he turned to the audience and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, he astonishes me every time he speaks, often as I've heard him. It isn't every night he'll talk like this. Here, Peary, help yourself." And he handed the seal a dipperful of smelts which disappeared down the same throat that had, apparently, just given utterance to the important announcement concerning Miller's soap.

As for the audience, it was thunderstruck, and many were the ejaculations and queries passed from one to another. Of course, the majority supposed that the trainer was ventriloquizing. He himself wondered who the clever fellow was, but he was too keen not to make the most of it while it lasted.

"Peary, do you feel like saying something else to the ladies?"

Peary opened his mouth and gave forth several hoarse yaps, and then said:

"Ask your druggist to-night for Miller's soap. I use it myself."

It was easy to call it ventriloquism, but the effect was intensely ludicrous, and the audience roared with laughter. The uncouth beast lolled his head from side to side, and then said:

"Ten cents a cake, and like a garden of sweet peas. Miller's is only ten cents. Talk of the town. See to-morrow's papers."

"Talk about something else," said the trainer, walking over to the seal and shaking

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This man at seventeen was an officer in the United States Navy — at sixty I repeat, is President of one of the largest corporations in the world. The intervening steps were made unaided. The same discriminating judgment that took him from the forecastle to the quarterdeck, from the office clerk's desk to the president's chair, prompts him to buy cigars from me at $5.00 per hundred, because he knows that he is getting a better cigar than he has heretofore bought for ten cents each.

My cigars are good — better than cigars that are usually retailed at double the money. I make them just as good as I know how, make them honestly, add a fair profit, tell my customers exactly of what they are made, and take them back from any who are disappointed.

I use good tobacco. I do not flavor or doctor it in any way; my factory is clean, and is open to my customers and friends.

It is a fact that over two-thirds of all who buy order again and again.

My customers are merchants, manufacturers, bankers, more of the latter in proportion than any other class of business men. In other words, my customers are men with bank accounts, who would not smoke my cigars unless they had the quality — no matter what the price.

MY GUARANTEE IS: That the filler of these cigars is clear, clean, long Havana — no shorts or sweepings. The wrappers are genuine Sumatra. This guarantee has been attached to every box of these cigars that I have ever sold.

Exact Size
Exact Shape
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PANETELA

MY OFFER IS: I will, upon request, send one hundred Shivers' Panetela Cigars on approval to a reader of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST express prepaid. He may smoke ten of the cigars and return the remaining ninety at my expense if he is not pleased — and no charge. If he keeps the cigars he agrees to remit the price, $5.00, within ten days.

I would not dare to make this offer if my statements were not absolutely true. I risk one-tenth of all the cigars I sell — and more, when unworthy people take advantage of me — as well as the cost of expressage. Wouldn't I be a dolt to send out cigars that wouldn't stand the test?

In ordering please use business letter-head or enclose business card; also state whether strong, medium or mild cigars are desired.

HERBERT D. SHIVERS,
906 Filbert Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

him by the flipper. This talk was all right, but if he would tell about his experiences in the frozen North it would be more appropriate.

The seal swayed its sinuous body, and said

"Can't think of anything but Miller's soap It's the biggest value on the market. And only ten cents a cake. A garden for ten cents, and absolute cleanliness."

The seals concluded their act and went off, having made a bigger hit than ever before, and when the trainer had reached the green-room all the talk was of the unknown ventriloquist who had for unknown reasons advertised an unknown article. For no one had ever heard of Miller's Sweet Pea Soap

Nothing out of the usual run happened until the den of lions came in, and then, when the biggest lion of all had the keeper under foot in the thrilling act known as "At the Mercy of the King of Beasts," the great animal, whose mouth was wide open and his jaws slavering, said in a voice of thunder

"If I had a cake of Miller's soap I'd be perfectly happy. Only ten cents, but I haven't the ten cents."

And then the lion really roared, and another roar answered his: a roar of laughter. When the keeper had retired he sent a messenger-boy over to the nearest drug store to get a cake of Miller's soap, and the boy brought it back, and a pretty-looking, dainty cake it was, with a pictured sweet pea and the fragrance of an old-fashioned garden of the perfect flowers.

Whether the newspaper men did not mind helping along a thing that had been so cleverly advertised, or whether they did not know it was a real soap, is immaterial; but next morning every paper in New York had from a couple of sticks to a whole column devoted to the affair

And at the matinée next day there was a bigger crowd than ever, and Miller and Bill were there as before, and not only the seal and the lion but the elephant, too, sounded the praises of Miller's soap.

And it is a fact known to all that there was not a druggist in town who did not get calls for the sweet-scented soap. The wide-awake ones ordered more at once; those who had none sent down to the jobbers and bought it; the wisest of all sent direct to the works for it, and by the end of the week Miller felt in a position to advertise in the magazines, for he was able to interest a capitalist in the article.

And when the circus went away Miller got Billy back into good habits, and a few months later he got a position at a continuous house as a headliner on the strength of his great advertising act at the circus, and for all-round advertising of soap, circus, Billy and the continuous, I don't know of anything to beat Miller's happy idea.

The Hen

By Edmund Vance Cooke

We got a hen, we have, en he lays eggs
He's lame because he only has two legs
His front legs are just feathers, en he flies
If you chast him. Anyhow, he *tries*,
En flops en flops *away* up in the air,
En falls up on the back fence, or anywhere.

We got a claw-cat, en he's got *four* legs,
But he's so lazy he won't lay no eggs
Ner nothin'. He can fly right up the bark
Of trees, en nights, when it's all dark,
He stays outdoors en hollers like he's cryin',
En I p'tend to sister he's a lion
A-snoopin' round to eat us in our bed,
Till we git scared en cover up our head.

Our chicky-hen has got two tooths that sticks
Out of the front end of his face en picks
Up worms en bugs en *ev'r*'thing. En then
He *swallers* 'em. I'm glad *I* ain't a hen
En eat old, nasty worms. En I bet
I'm glad I ain't a worm, too, to be et!

Our claw-cat he can't *rilly* fly, because
He's got to have some place to put his claws,
But if he was a robin-bird he'd fly
Clear to the moon, 'way upstairs in the sky.

A rooster ain't a hen. He just p'tends
To be. He's got a feather-duster where he ends.
En p'r'aps it gits made over when he's done
With it, 'cause our old hen has got a wore-out
one!

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writes bills, statements, and tabular forms of all kinds, no matter how intricate, with *twice the speed of the pen.*

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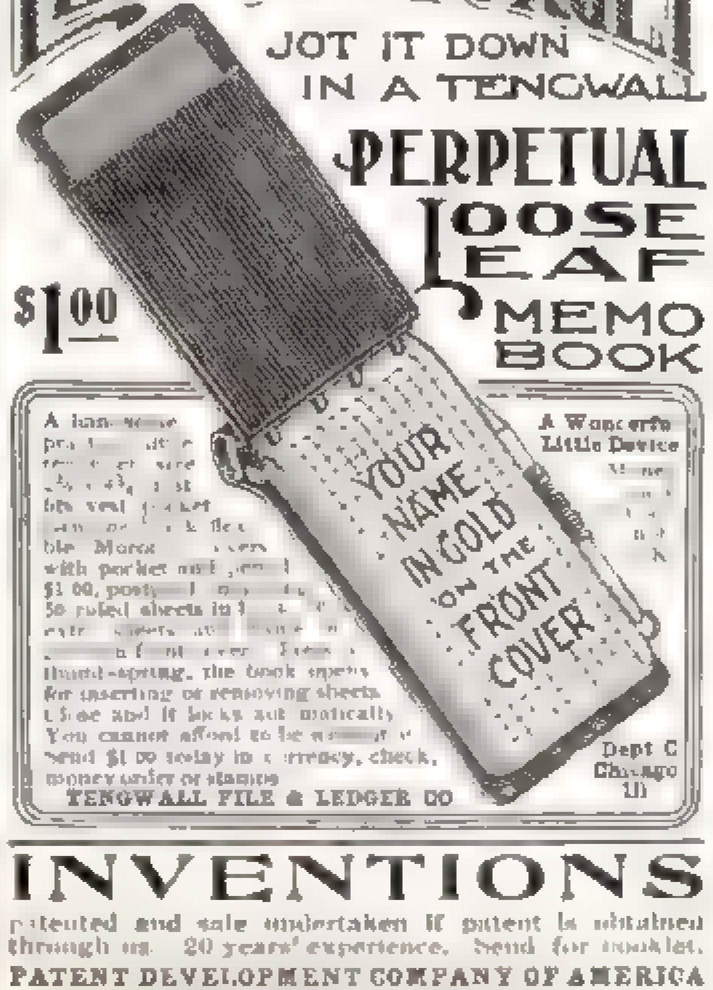

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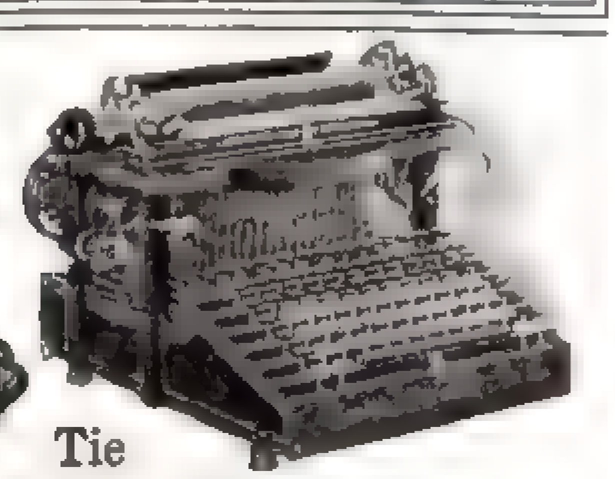

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An American in New York

By Opie Read

AMONG the guests at the Stocks-Bonds Hotel there was, of course, a handsome widow. Without her no hotel could presume to be famous. She is almost as essential to the social success of a hotel as to the life and thrilling qualities of a divorce suit; and in both instances her beauty is enhanced, if not wholly created, by the noise and the dust kicked up by her reputed wealth. In certain quarters of New York no one of any acknowledged judgment would pretend to a youth or complexion rating of a widow's beauty. This is largely true of all communities, but in New York it is not only essentially but almost desperately true. There is a bit of quotation, not out of a sacred book, but evolved from man's profane experience—something expressive of one not having any more show than a cat in Hades without claws; and in Gotham a moneyless widow who makes pretenses to beauty was heard to declare that if she were to exchange places with the clawless cat she would find food for self-congratulatory reflection. The moneyless widow's gentle qualities do not enter as a consideration, the virtues that grace her, or the intellectual furbelows with which she may have fluted her mind. In her modesty she may be a reproach to suspicion and of a wisdom that would shame the oracle at Delphi, but the fact is, she must have that something which the uncultivated fighter in the obscure ranks denominates as "the stuff." Without it, and for no other cause than that she has it not, she is not arrested by process of law and sent to prison, but it is true that fetters are put upon her freedom, and instead of soaring in the empyrean she must be content to flop about on the dull and pitiless earth

But this widow at the Stocks-Bonds was rich, and, being rich, she was free; and, in spite of her position, she was a woman of common-sense. It may have been that she remembered the time when she picked up chips to keep her mother's washpot boiling, and such a recollection, even though inlaid with bitterness against the world, is never wholly devoid of heart. This woman had seen enough of society to become just a trifle weary of it. Scarcely any of its promises had been kept. She found that society was a youth who never grew old but who forced age upon its votaries. The decrepit old man, her husband, had not deceived her; he had died well within the time appointed for him, an unerring proof of his graciousness; nor was his property badly involved. He had told her that he should love her always, which he undoubtedly did, for nothing is more constant than the love of a dying old man for his young wife. And, with the delicious skill of her sex and her training, she had made him believe that she loved him, not for his money but for himself, his wheezes and his rheumatism; and he died reluctantly, it is true, but fairly happy, and, above all, effectively. Employing the expressive language of a high tea in the Indian Territory, she made no bones of the fact that she was relieved by his relief, for he had been a great sufferer, and her nature was sympathetic. It was by the evil-minded declared that she cut down the appropriation which, in his generosity, he had made for his own monument, but no one could doubt the efficiency of the tomb provided for him

When the Colonel strode across her pathway she made no disguise of the attractiveness that he held for her. She asked for an introduction, and she charmed him with a laugh: a studied impulse of melody, a musical instrument running riot in the hands of a master. She saw the humor in his repeated declaration that he was an American in New York, and those who believe that woman has no sense of humor have misjudged her character. The difference between her humor and that of a man is marked, it is true; a man sometimes laughs at his own misfortunes, while a woman never laughs genuinely at herself, a difference not so deeply marked, perhaps, at bottom, for it is all in the family. The fact is that woman has enough to make her serious. She has man, and that ought to hold her for a while. The Colonel came with his foibles pinned on his coat, like a rose, she said. He was so

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of papers by Mr. Read. The concluding paper will appear in an early number.

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Are you just a little bit interested in this great and happy subject of investment and protection?

Would you like to know some new and interesting facts about the best way of insuring?

Are your circumstances such that *small monthly instalments* would be easier and more convenient for you than all cash down?

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If so, *write at once for particulars*, which will be promptly *mailed* you. In order that you may receive complete and personal information concerning the exceptional features of the CLUB plan, please DO NOT FAIL TO ANSWER the two following questions in YOUR FIRST LETTER

1st. What is your occupation? 2d. What is the exact date of your birth?

These questions, to the uninitiated, may not seem very important but they *really are*, and if you answer them it will enable us to tell you by mail a very fascinating story of dollars and cents which will contribute towards your personal thrift and financial success

The CLUB has a national membership of men and women representing many trades and callings. All readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, Housewives, Students, Teachers, Farmers, Merchants, Doctors, Clergymen, Stenographers Nurses, etc., are invited to answer this announcement NOW while memberships are to be had

A Member From the North

When I received my policy and Club emblem I really felt as though I had received a valuable present. I never saw anything of the kind [illegible] The emblem is very neat and pretty. I wear mine every day. I am glad to feel I saw your advertisement in *The [illegible] Journal*. I am pleased to be [illegible] of the [illegible] which is of great benefit [illegible] personally. [illegible] MRS. LETITIA [illegible]

A Member From the South

After reading [illegible] through, together with the beautiful [illegible] received from you, I can only say that I [illegible] grateful for having an opportunity to become a member of the Club which is one of the greatest that any person can join. I am sorry that I did not hear of it sooner. I am very much pleased with the way the members are treated by the management of the Club, and enclosed you will please find my monthly deposit for the present month and a month in advance. Yours for the success of the Club. WM. J. HERBERT

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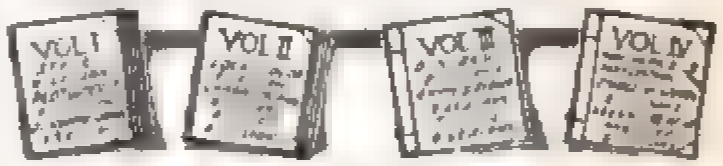

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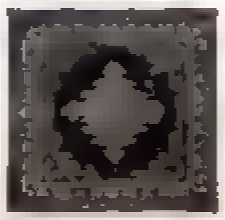

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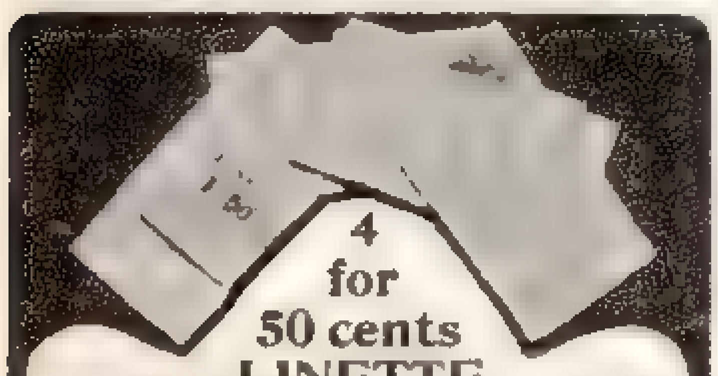

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GEO. B. TRIPLER, Potter Bldg., Dept. D, New York City

busy with striving to deceive himself that he never thought to deceive others "Justice," said Plato, "is sublime simplicity." And this was what she liked about the man from away out in America. One Sunday afternoon, as she sat with him in the reception room of the Stocks-Bonds, she inquired as to how he had spent the morning

"Madam, I went to church," he said.

"Church!" she replied in surprise, or with a pretense of astonishment which was genuine to him. "Out sightseeing?"

"Madam, I did not intend it to be such, but it was. I was ignorant enough to believe that here they pay great salaries for ability, but I find that in this mighty town the pulpit is as much of a sufferer from intellectual poverty as in many a backwoods community."

"Well," she said, "that depends upon how you look at it. If you wish to hear a man rave and rant over the technical points of an outgrown creed I suppose you *must* go back to the country. Codes—and they are codes, you know—that helped men in the past may not be helpful to a different sort of man now. Repeated revisions have been found necessary. This of itself awakens discussions, and when we cease to discuss religion we are departing from it."

The Colonel looked at her as she sat before him in beautiful health. "Madam," said he, "I am astonished at your skepticism One so nearly approaching the angels should believe in them"

She clapped her hands "I am afraid that after a while I shall be forced to ask you to say that again. But, of course, you can convert me with flattery, whereas your reason might have failed."

"Reason with a flower! Madam, you continue to astonish me. When you——"

"But, Colonel, you keep on talking," she broke in. "When really astonished isn't it more in keeping with human nature simply to make an exclamation rather than an argument? An astonishment is a thrill, and can we argue with a thrill?"

He hemmed and hawed. "Madam, when a woman proceeds to subject my compliments to analysis, why, I must shift my ground. Therefore, let me get back to the church I visited this morning. It is a beautiful place, and the delicate perfume pervading the air almost convinced me that I was in a garden of roses, but when the gentlemanly professor got up and began to read a paper on something that happened last week, and that had been exploited in the newspapers at the time, I then felt that I was not in a garden but in a sort of refined chamber of commerce. I shall not go so far as to say that he actually gave market quotations, but I should not have been surprised if he had He rambled along and talked about almost everything but the Savior of man. He——"

She broke in upon him. "But what is the use of finding fault with the world or any of its social or religious methods? The doctrine of philosophical acceptance is the true doctrine of to-day—careless acceptance, I might say. You must remember now that we are on the subject——"

"You don't object to the subject, I hope?"

"Oh, no. As I understand it, you are here to notice and to express yourself upon the follies which are different from the follies 'out in America,' and I shall try to help you along. As I was going to say, religions have not been particularly considerate of woman. They have told her to keep her ears open and her mouth shut, but throughout the ages she has been their mainstay, keeping up their temples; and now, when, with her new education and her new freedom, she begins to question man—not God—and insists that man must talk on subjects that are alive, why, you, man, cry out that the church is going to the dogs."

"And that reminds me that I had a pack of hounds once, speaking of dogs, that could on a hillside or in a valley make more music in one night than all your new-fangled choirs in a year"

"Colonel," she inquired, "were you ever in the real-estate business?"

"Madam, what inspired you to ask that question?"

"Why, you shift ground so easily."

He held forth his hand. "Shake on that. You bet your shell-like ears that's a joke on me. But I didn't know you were so loaded on the subjects of the day." She told him that she was a woman of to-day, and he said that he reckoned she was. And how different she was from the women of his day. Then the subjective province of woman was to be petted, loved and lied to, but now she demanded truth, not about herself but concerning all others. "I wouldn't be

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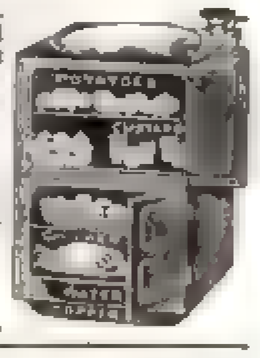

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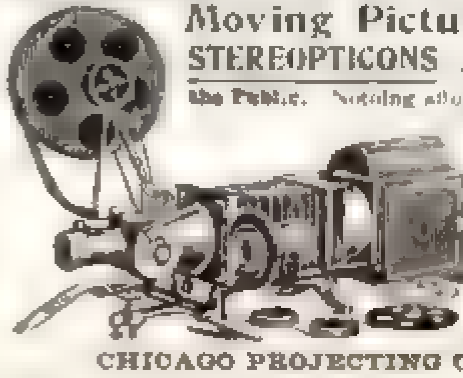

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surprised if I ain't a little old fashioned," he said; and then, after a few moments of reflection, he added: "And I don't know why, either, since I have been revolutionized to the extent of wearing collars that button on the shirt. Yes, and I thought I was a good bit in fashion until I came here and was condemned by the hollow eye of the velvet footed importation from London, that red breeched censure of all laughter, that physical quietus to all Americanism. I have bought him twice, but, i'gad, madam, he won't stay bought. Think of living in an atmosphere with the life chilled out of it by such a social iceberg. I'd rather drink boiled water and breathe the mist of a geyser. If they want real servants why don't they get a few trainloads of darkies from the South? But I beg your pardon. It doesn't behoove a man to go abroad and criticise the ancient customs of the people. Been a widow very long, ma'am?"

She shrugged her graceful shoulders "Perhaps it doesn't *seem* so long as it is."

"Oh! And I take it, then, that you must be enjoying yourself fairly well." And when she had prettily nodded at him he added: "I reckon that in this day of topsy turviness it puts a woman out a good deal to marry for love. Rather gone out of style but, come to look at it closer, it never was a rage Some of the oldest books tell us that women have ceased to marry for love. But I reckon they make less pretense now than ever before

"Some women marry for freedom," she said, and he gave her a quick look

"You don't tell me? But I shouldn't think that the freedom could be anything to speak of until the obstructions are cleared away. I take it, however, that she makes it a sort of a point to see in the first place that the obstructions ain't very likely to last long. Yes marriage on the part of woman requires some little judgment. And don't you think it would be an advance in the proper direction if, instead of sounding him as to character, she'd get the opinion of a physician as to his probable hold on things down here?"

"Colonel, you aren't so old-fashioned But supposing that you are, don't you know that it is a positive charm to meet an old fashioned man? He comes like a forgotten romance, and his spirit is refreshing and sometimes his words are wise. Did you think that all New York women are materialists?"

"I thought it took a good deal of material to fit 'em out. No, I must say that I am strongly impressed by them. I always understood from what I'd read that a woman, in order to be anything in what is called the best society, must be marked not only by a lack of thought but by a positive silliness But I reckon it requires about as much sense to be a leader among women as among men It's no light thing to carry a social primary. And you've got to look out for the highflyers that intimidate the polls with their wealth At any sort of election a financial heeler is a dangerous article. Out in some of the Western States the women vote. That is a bold advance in Americanism, and I am free to say that I regard it not only as a bold but as a proper advance"

"And do the women hold office out there?" she inquired.

"Oh, yes; and why shouldn't they, when they are the shrewdest of politicians? I know one, a judge, whose decisions have a high rating; and, but for one thing, she might attain to the Supreme Bench."

"And what is that one obstacle, Colonel?"

"Madam, she is inclined to be a flirt; and out there, where they adhere to common-law practice, a flirtatious judge is hardly the proper thing. Blackstone, in all the marvelous sweep of his Commentaries, didn't contemplate such a thing. Hearts are constantly on trial before this woman judge, and, after all, a good heart means innocence. Seriously, though, I believe that the one who makes the home ought to be permitted to vote. No matter how prosperous a man may be—how much money he brings into the house—he can't make a home. That highest of all offices depends upon the woman. And surely the home ought to have a voice."

She smiled at him. "Colonel, I am inclined to think that your conviction comes from your gallantry rather than your observation. You really don't believe that women ought to vote, do you?"

Madam, that is my conviction—when I am talking to them. And why not? Wouldn't their dainty opinions perfume the ballot box?"

"And you believe that any change from its present unsavory odor would be a welcome advance toward purity? But you have given

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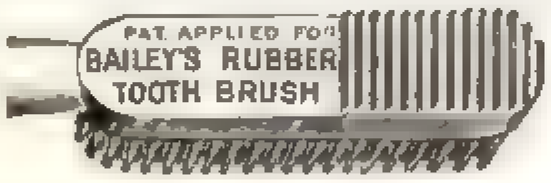

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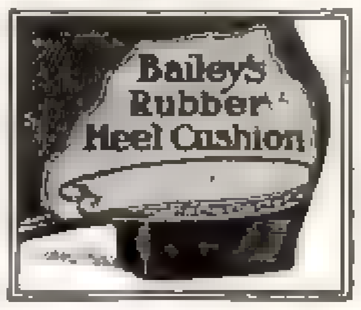

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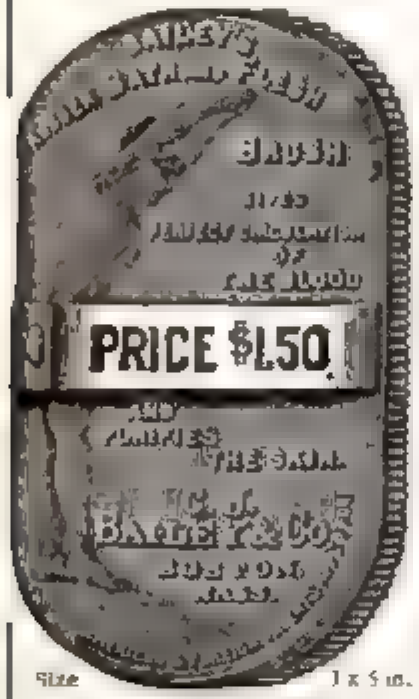

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an example of its absurdity — the flirtatious judge — and you must know that nothing so ridiculous could be a part of the life of New York."

He arose, struck an attitude of oratorical import, bowed, and said: "New York represents the highest development in Vanity Fair — it is in this line a great exposition, and for vanity nothing can be too ridiculous. I have only to refer again to the professor, madam, who read his paper in church this morning. Would you expect such a preacher to uplift mankind?"

"But such men have been educated," she said, "and you can't expect educated men to talk forever along the same line."

"Madam, let me tell you about a preacher. Down in the western part of Tennessee lived a blacksmith named Daggles. He was a powerful fellow, and was as much noted for his profanity as for the strength and durability of his work. And occasionally he would get on a spree. He was never quarrelsome, but after taking a drink or two — or, rather, I should say, a quart or two — he would warn opposition to step aside, and if it did things went well enough, but if not, lint and bandages were needed in the neighborhood. Well, one day, while Daggles was a-blowing of his bellows and a-whistling over his forge, along came a youngish man who said that he wanted his horse shod all round. The work was done, and with a 'thank you' the stranger was about to mount his horse to ride away when Daggles asked him if he hadn't forgotten something. He felt in his pockets, took off his hat, looked into it, and said he didn't believe he had. 'I mean you have forgotten to pay me,' said Daggles. 'Oh, pay you. By the way, you haven't lived very long in this neighborhood, have you?' 'Well, not long in this immediate neighborhood,' said Daggles; 'but what has that to do with it?' 'Why, a good deal,' replied the youngish man. 'I am a preacher, and around here it isn't customary to charge a preacher for shoeing his horse.' 'Is that so?' said Daggles. 'And I must sweat here and not get any pay for it?' 'Well, I have told you what the custom is.' 'All right, go ahead,' said Daggles. 'But before you go, let me tell you something. That is the last horse I'll ever shoe. I'll preach myself,' and taking off his leather apron he threw it on the forge, washed his hands in the slake-tub, rolled down his sleeves, and went to the house. It wasn't his time to get on a spree, as his spells came round with a sort of rhythm, and his wife was surprised to see him so early in the day, and she called out to him, 'Why, Dan, dinner ain't ready.' 'That's all right, Martha,' said he, 'and don't fret about havin' meals on time, for I don't reckon I'll be so hungry in the future as I've been in the past.' 'Why, Dan, what do you mean? You ain't sick, are you?' 'No, well as a man can be, better than I was — cured, in fact. I mean that I'm goin' to preach. Now, you just wait a minute,' and he told her about shoeing the youngish man's horse. Tears came into her eyes. 'Why, Dan,' she said, 'you can't preach. You cuss too much, and, besides, you ain't got no education.' Dan laughed low. 'I've got about as much education as Peter had. I may not be so good a general fisherman, but I want to say that with a piece of salt pork for bait there ain't many that can beat me catchin' bullheads. And them's the sort that I want to catch when I go out.' This bit of impiety brought more tears to her eyes, but he put his arms about her and soothed her and asked her to fetch him the Bible. He didn't know where it was, but how her poor eyes had searched it for help and for promise, deep in the night when he was away somewhere, drinking the devil-broth that evil men sold along the river. She brought the book and didn't look up when she handed it to him, but turned away and went on with her work. He took it and sat down, and occasionally he'd call her attention to something that hit him hard, and after a while he said: 'Martha, I ain't goin' to cuss any more, no, and I'll never take another drink of licker.'

"She was putting a dish on the table and she came near dropping it, his words thrilled her so, and she turned to him and said: 'Stick to that book, Dan, and you won't drink no more and you won't cuss none to hurt. But are you in earnest about preachin'?' 'As earnest as a settin' hen,' said he, and she looked as if she had a notion to cry again, but she didn't. Well, he stuck to his book, read it day and night, and his mind was as strong as the grip of his mighty hand. In less than a year he stood an examination and went forth to preach, as sincere a man as ever walked the ways of the just. He said that it was a joke at the time he took off his apron and went to the house, but suddenly it come on him to

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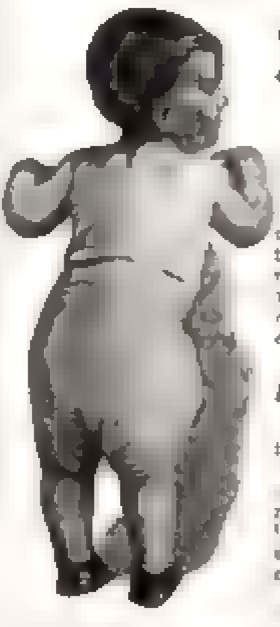

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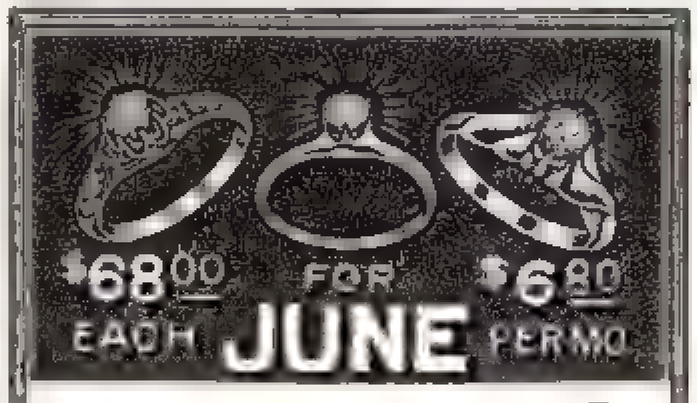

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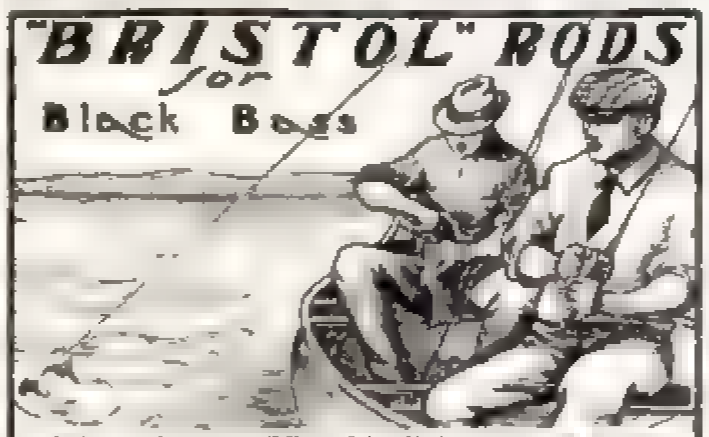
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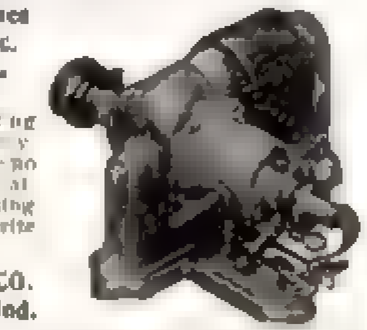

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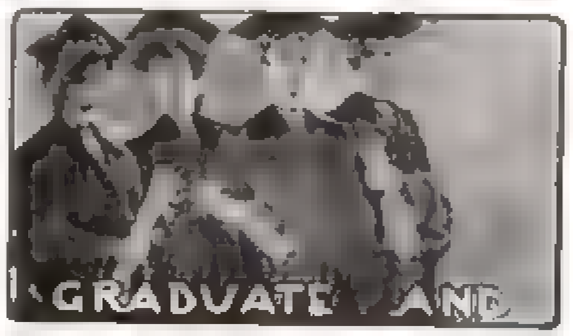

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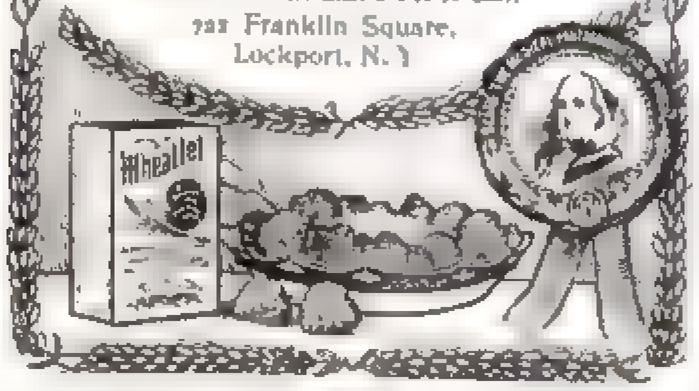

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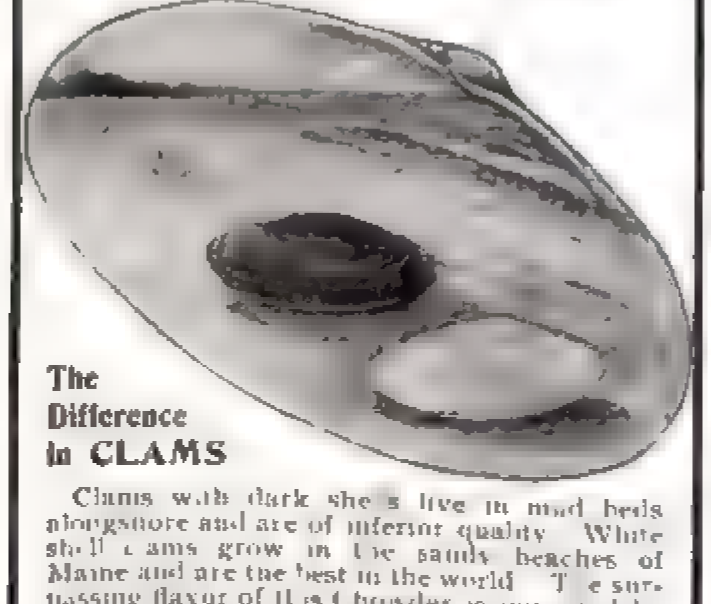

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be in earnest, and he became one of the powers of the community. And when he passed away, some of his sermons, known so well that they were handed down as a tradition, were brought out in a book, and they read like Bunyan. Instead of attempting to go too far forward, to stand shoulder to shoulder with the demands of higher education, he went back to search for the simple truth where a good deal of it had been lost, and if that isn't the right way, the Gospel wasn't started properly and the Apostles were in error. But I beg your pardon for talking at such length. Tell me something about your own life, here in what seems to me a moral wilderness."

She leaned back in her chair, and for a moment it seemed that the words, the manner and the voice of this old-timer were about to make her serious. But she laughed and said that it was like a play, thus to be talking to him, "and I have been afraid that soon I should hear the ting of the bell, calling down the curtain," she said. "My life, here in this great whirlpool of seething counter currents? Haven't you found it many a time in newspapers and in books? Aren't they full of tragedies?"

"Yes, but not to the exclusion of comedies, and, beg your pardon, but I thought you were playing a comedy part—ahem—plucking out hearts and laughing musically at them—a musical comedy."

"Oh, and how in keeping would it be if I should smile sadly and sigh and tell you of a soul starving for companionship." The Colonel grunted a sort of "humph," looking steadily at her, and after a time he said: "I understand that you own a magnificent house." She nodded assent. "Then why don't you live in it?" She cried out that the idea was preposterous. "This is not quite the season," she said, "and the people are out of town."

"Is that so? Why, it seemed to me that the town was full of folks."

"Oh, yes, folks, but not *the* people. And, besides, it wouldn't be living in New York if I had to stay in my own house all the time. Even in season it would on occasion be but little better than a banishment compared with life in the Stocks Bonds. Here we have Paris, London——"

"And a mere suggestion of America," the Colonel broke in.

"Yes, and what does one wish more of America than a mere suggestion, once in a while? So representative of Chicago, with its muddy feet, America is, you know."

"Madam, you ought to meet some of the women voters of the West."

"No, thank you. They might ask too many questions."

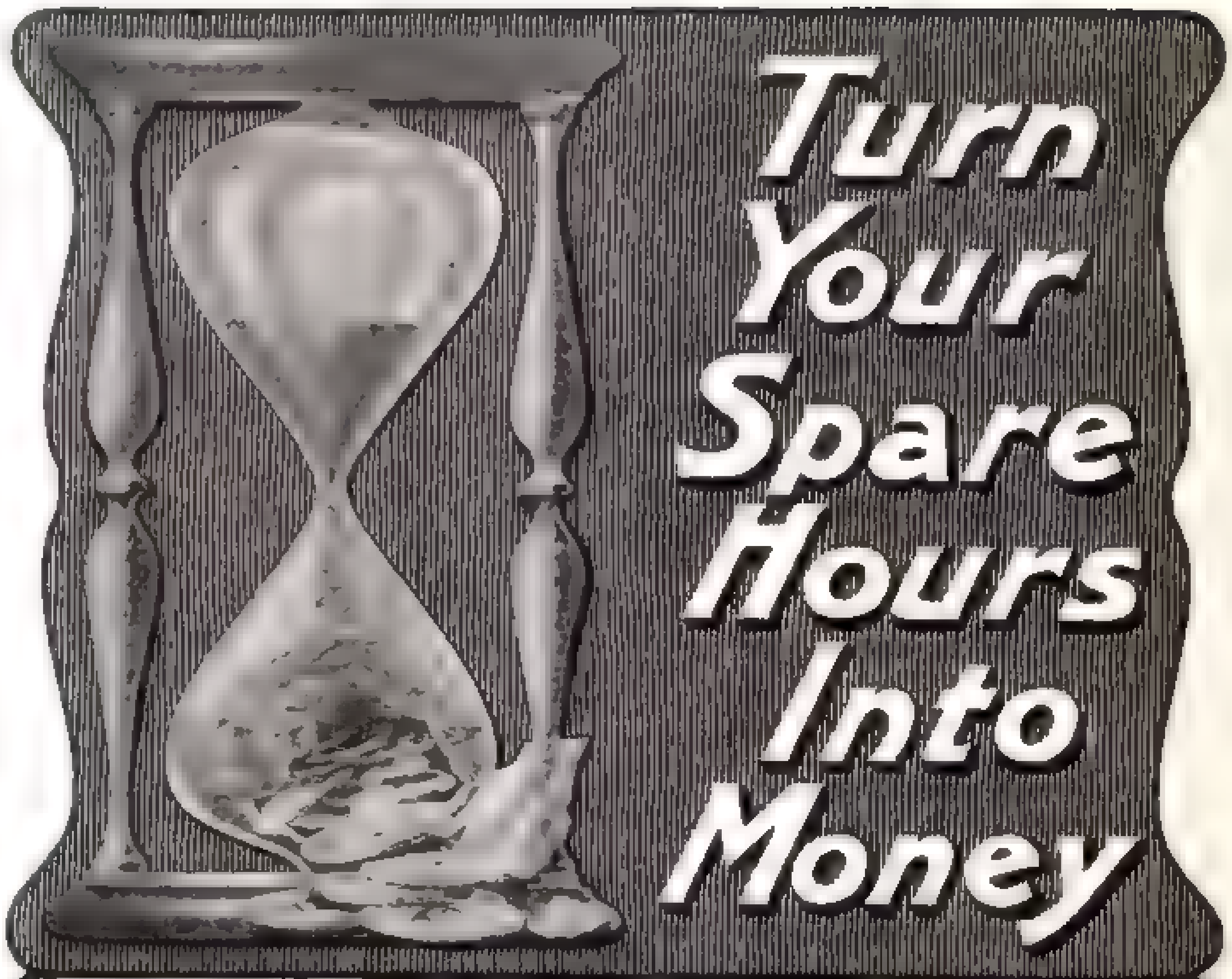
"Ah," said the Colonel, "they might ask questions that you would not be able to answer."

"Oh," she shrugged, "and a child can do that." And then for a time they were silent. To him it seemed that she had suddenly lost some of her moral bloom, but he was not so simple as to tell her so; he had felt that in the endeared old fashion he would like to talk to her the sentimental extravaganzas of the romantic South, and to catch glimpses of what he must have regarded as a new soul, as startling as any that ancient philosophy sought to uncover; but she was too elusive. She had seen his nature, for of that he could make no disguise, could find no garment through which it would not throw its impulsive rays, but in baffling reserve she had kept her own real impulses and opinions, giving him but a moment's view, a shadow-dance, stimulating him, disappointing him; and against himself he was beginning to work up a resentment and an anger when she said: "I suppose that out in America they have learned by this time to ask the question, 'Is life worth living?'"

"Out there, madam, we are trying to make life not only worth living but worth working for. Upon us there has not as yet come the dotage of too much inherited money. Life still offers the prize to achievement, as it did in the days of Pericles, and——"

"And," she interrupted, shutting him off in his grandiloquence, "you follow the old injunction that the humorists tell us was hung up in the music hall: 'Please don't shoot the pianner player; he's doin' the best he kin.'"

"Ah," he said, "that joke has been forgotten out there, but for retaining old jokes on the West, New York has a marvelous memory. A thousand truths might be written of our advancement, and your people could not remember one of them." It seemed to him that she "smiled" him away from her, and when he was gone he said to himself, "I tried to play wise with her, but I'll bet she thinks I'm a fool."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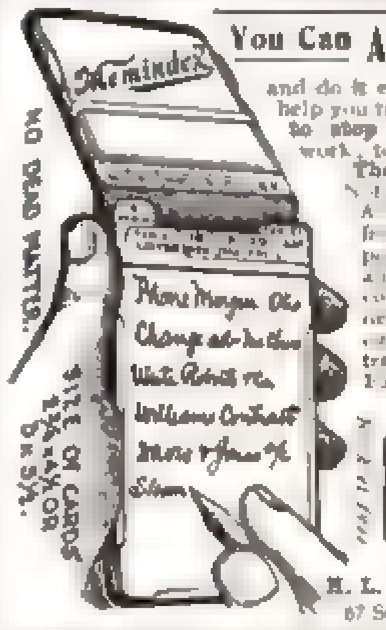

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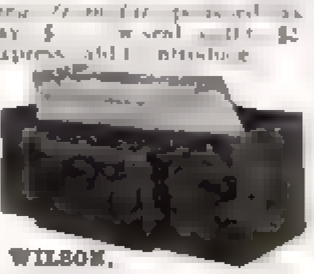

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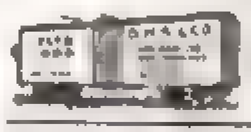

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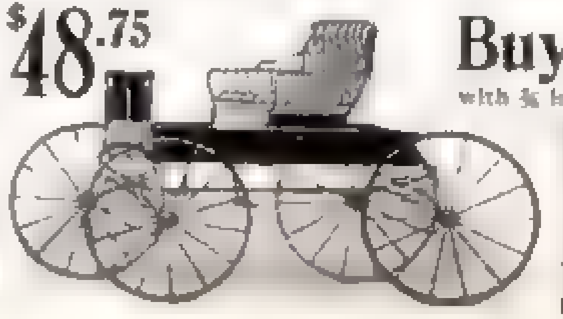

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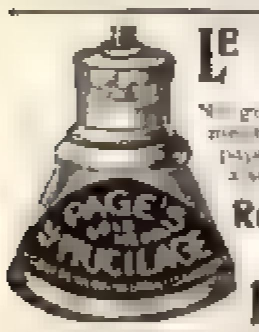

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Literary Folk Their Ways and Their Work

THREE TIMELY BOOKS—They are all traceable to current interest in the Eastern war.

¶ The historians trace far-reaching developments in European trade and science to the wars of the Crusades. What will come of the conflict between Russia and Japan it is early to conjecture, but one direct effect is clearly recognizable in the activity of the publishing houses. Anything and everything written on either country finds a way into print. So far as one may judge, the greater interest seems to be felt in Japan. Altogether the best book that we have seen dealing with the country at large is a compilation by Esther Singleton, published under the comprehensive title Japan *(Dodd, Mead & Co.)*. She divides her subject broadly into six general topics. The country and the race, history and religion, places and monuments, manners and customs, arts and crafts, modern Japan—and then selects from such authorities and stylists as Sir Edwin Arnold, Pierre Loti and Lafcadio Hearn—to name three from a long list—the most appropriate passages. The result necessarily lacks unity, but it has the obvious merit of giving a wide range of information in a manner never lacking interest.

Dealing directly with the issue at stake, but this time a narrative of personal exploration, is Korea, by Angus Hamilton *(Charles Scribner's Sons)*. The book is carefully and painstakingly prepared, with an analysis of the naval and military resources of the two combatants, a revised map, an appendix of railway schedules, tables of natural resources, customs and shipping returns, and other statistical information. The text itself deals broadly with racial peculiarities, social institutions, government, trade, farming, finance, religion—pretty much everything, with a spice of adventure stirred in. Of the position of Korea Mr. Hamilton writes: "The position of Korea in regard to the disputed questions is a hopeless one. Unfortunately, the government of Korea is powerless to prevent either the advance of Russia or the steady spread of Japanese influence." The style and quality of Mr. Hamilton's book is what is called "solid"—not diverting, not charming, but deserving respect, and of a nature to repay the time given it

A third book not immediately traceable to public interest in the war, but likely to profit by it, is Physical Training for Women by Japanese Methods, by H. Irving Hancock *(G. P. Putnam's Sons)*. "It is not claimed," says the author, "that the application of *jiu-jitsu*" (the Japanese method of physical culture) "will bring a dying woman away from her bed and give her the best of good health at once. But *jiu-jitsu*, if followed out intelligently, will make a weak woman stronger and will make of any reasonably strong woman one who is the physical peer of any man of her size. . . . In Japan there are six different systems of *jiu-jitsu* in vogue. The author has studied all the systems, and the work presented in this volume is intended to be a combination, a blending, of all that is best in *jiu-jitsu* for women's especial training." The system is clearly developed in the letterpress and amply illustrated by photographs from life. It has the advantages of simplicity, freedom from mechanical paraphernalia, and the incentive of competition and contest that gives the zest to all sports as opposed to the tedium of gymnasium routine. A good index to the intelligence of the exposition is the final word of warning

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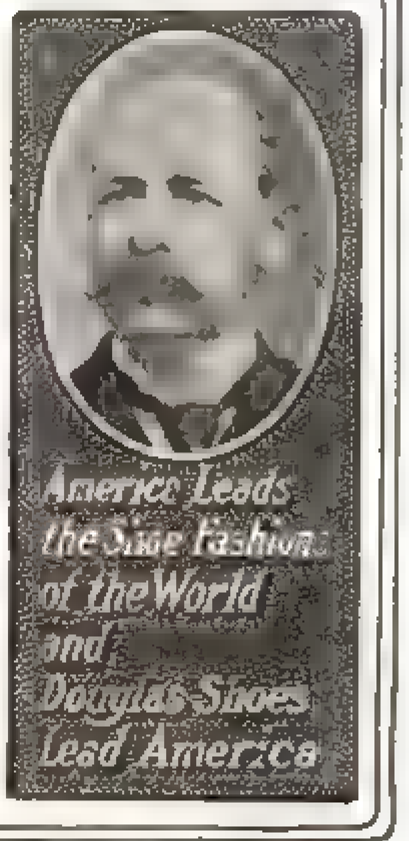
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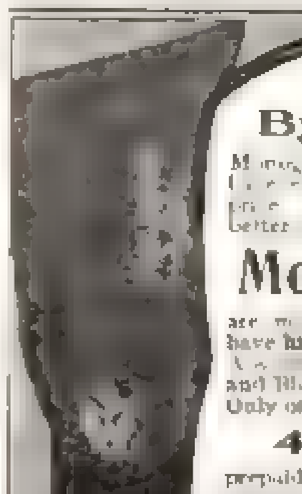

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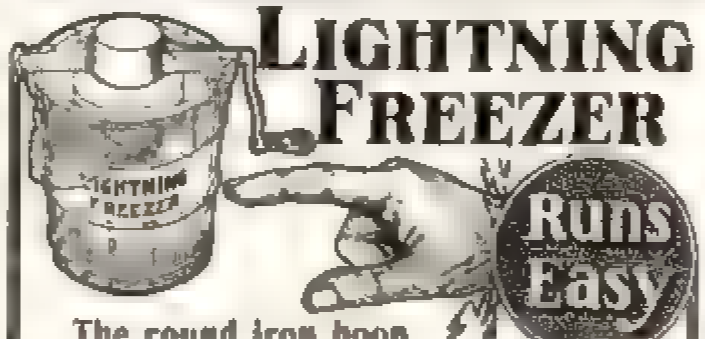

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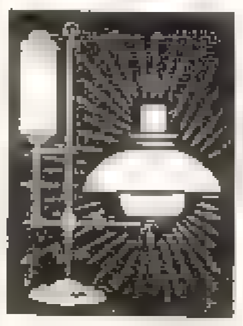

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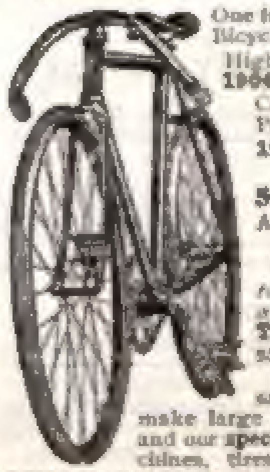

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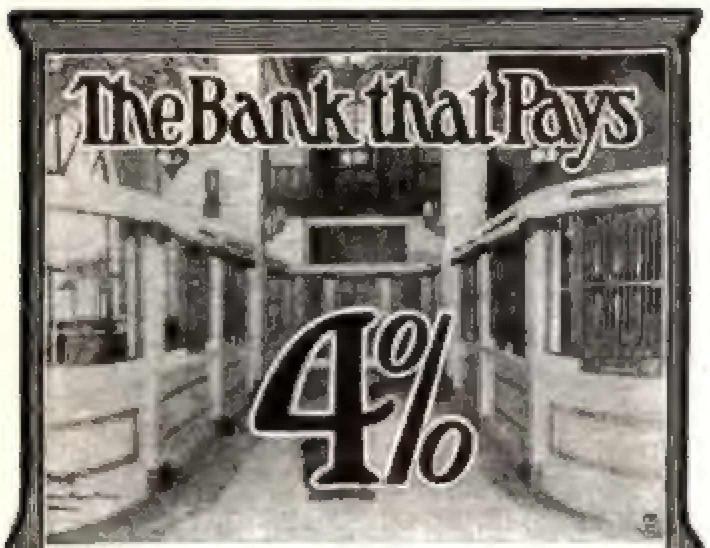

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The Time-Table *of* True Love

(Concluded from Page 5)

"No idea, Barney. Mebbe he's holding us for a way freight or a mixed," Abel laughed. "How you enjoying yourself?"

"Fine. Say, I'd like to make the trip back and forth every week. Why don't you fix it up to do that? Then you could stall off Mrs. Farnham's schemes."

"I been thinking mebbe I'd go back, anyhow, after I look over things at Holedale."

"Go back to stay, you mean?"

"Yes. It isn't exactly polite to be running away like this, is it? Besides, now, I oughtn't really to care so much what is done to these old rattle-trap cars as long as I get Amelia. Blamed if I thought, until that last time we stopped to patch up the engine, that while I was running away from mamma I was running away from Amelia, too."

A long whistle interrupted them, and far down the track they had traveled along appeared the smoke of an approaching train.

"What does that mean? Is Bill Mouray coming to join us?" Abel said, jumping to his feet.

"Mebbe they've opened the road again," Barney ventured.

The other train came on, with another blast or two on the whistle by way of flourish, and slowed to a stop within a rod of the rear platform of the Abel Horner special. Abel dropped to the ground and hurried toward the other engine.

"What is it?" he asked the engineer.

"I think there's some passengers in the car wants to see you."

When Abel reached the steps of the car the door opened and Amelia came to the platform.

"Oh, Abel, how could you!"

"Why — why — Amelia, you see, I couldn't stand it to think ——"

"Come inside."

Abel went in, and Barney and the other engineer took chews of tobacco and discoursed on the foolishness of man and woman.

Mrs. Farnham refused to speak to Abel when he entered the car. But Amelia did the talking. She made explanations better than Abel could have made them, and she made further explanations better than her mother could have made them. These she intermingled with sobs, smiles and occasional scornful frowns. After a time Abel spoke:

"It looks this way to me, Missus Farnham: I been thinking I was the injured party, and you been thinking it was you, but neither one of us realized that Amelia was the one that got the most injury. You and I was both so set on having our own way that we forgot all about her. Now, let me offer my last compromise with you. We'll call all our disputes off and say that hereafter Amelia is to have her way about where she and I live."

Mrs. Farnham then, for the first time since Abel entered the car, broke the gaze with which she had penetrated the distance from the window next her. She turned and looked at Abel and Amelia.

"If Amelia is going to marry you after all this," she said, "I want it understood that she need not expect me to advise her any more."

"Thank you, ma'am," replied Abel.

Mrs. Farnham resumed her study of the horizon. Amelia looked down at the floor. Abel twirled his cap between his fingers. After a period of meditation he arose and asked them to excuse him, saying he would be back within a few moments. He hurried to the engine and called Barney. A whispered conversation ended in Barney's hastening to the little telegraph office and holding a chat with the operator, then proceeding up the street. When he came back he was accompanied by a solemn gentleman who wore a long black coat and carried a black leather-bound book. Barney grasped a roll of legal-looking paper in his hand. They were joined by Abel, and the trio entered the car where sat Mrs. Farnham and Amelia.

. . . .

Mouray stepped from a train in Dillmanville that afternoon. He had returned to pick up his own car, which should be there by that time, according to his instructions and advices. The engine drawing it was coming into sight. Mouray was waiting on the platform when his car stopped. Mrs. Farnham, alone, descended the steps.

"Where is your daughter, madam?" asked Mouray.

Mrs. Farnham dabbed her handkerchief at her eyes before answering.

"Mrs. Horner and Mr. Horner have gone on — on their wedding trip," she replied.

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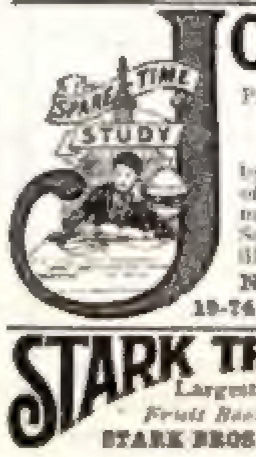

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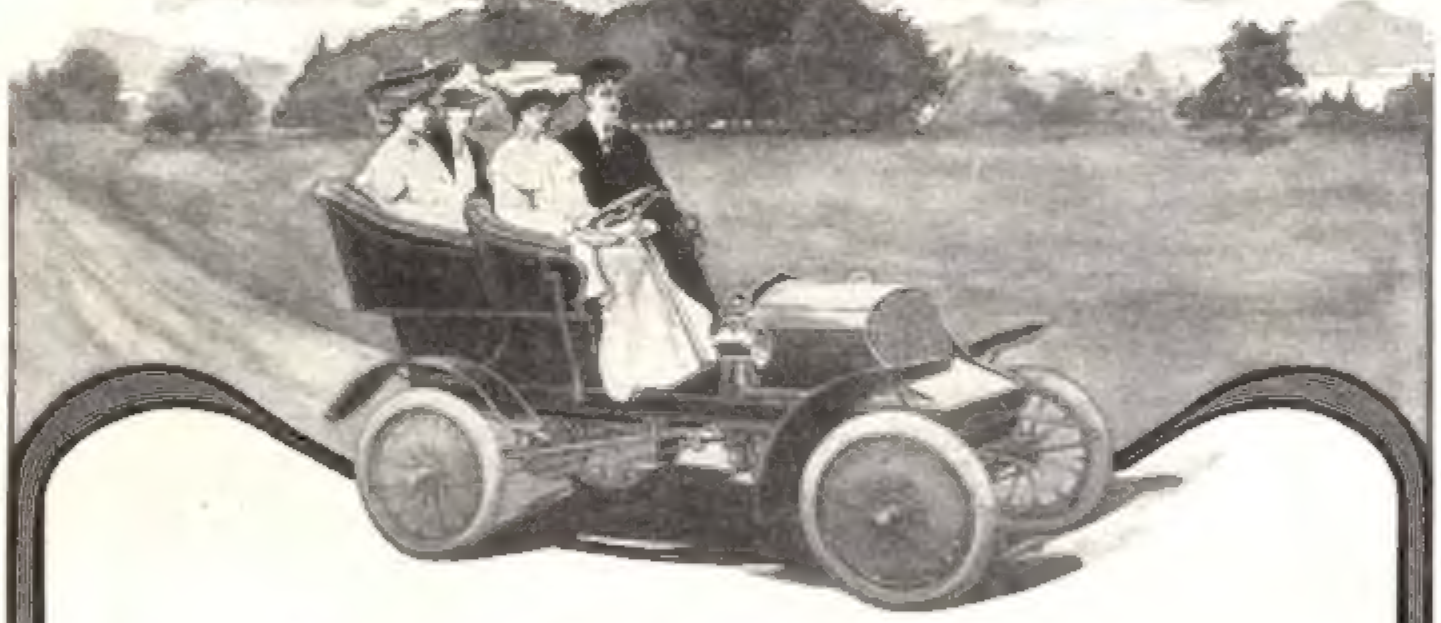

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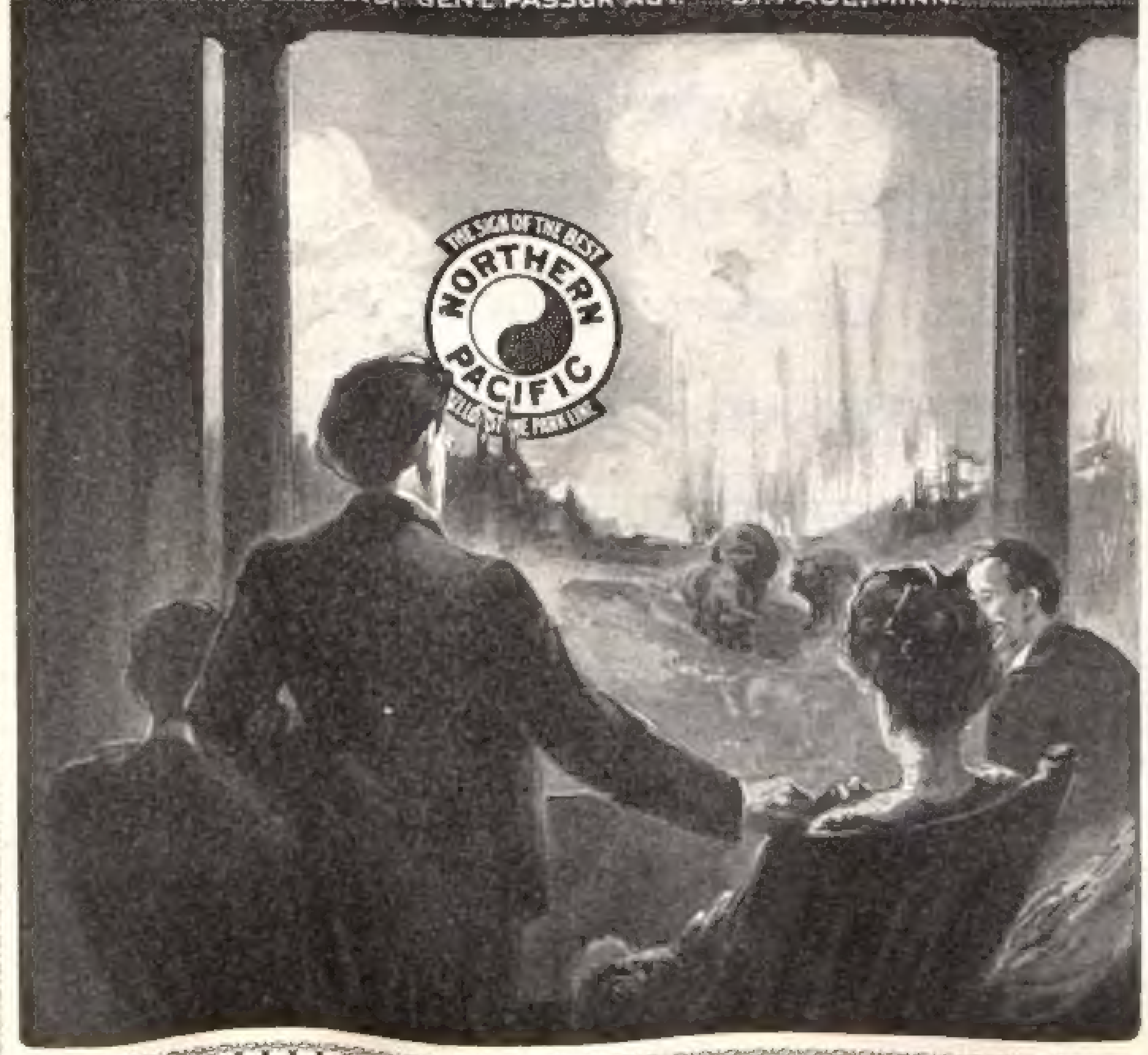

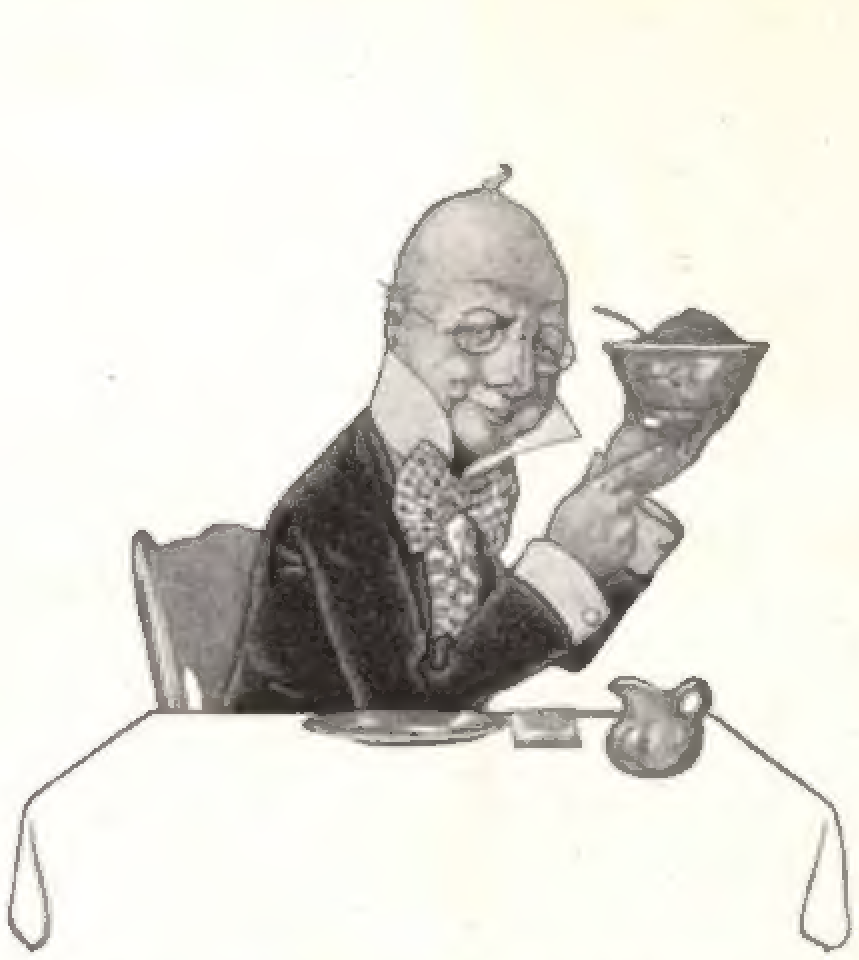

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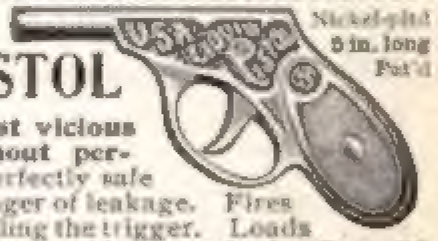

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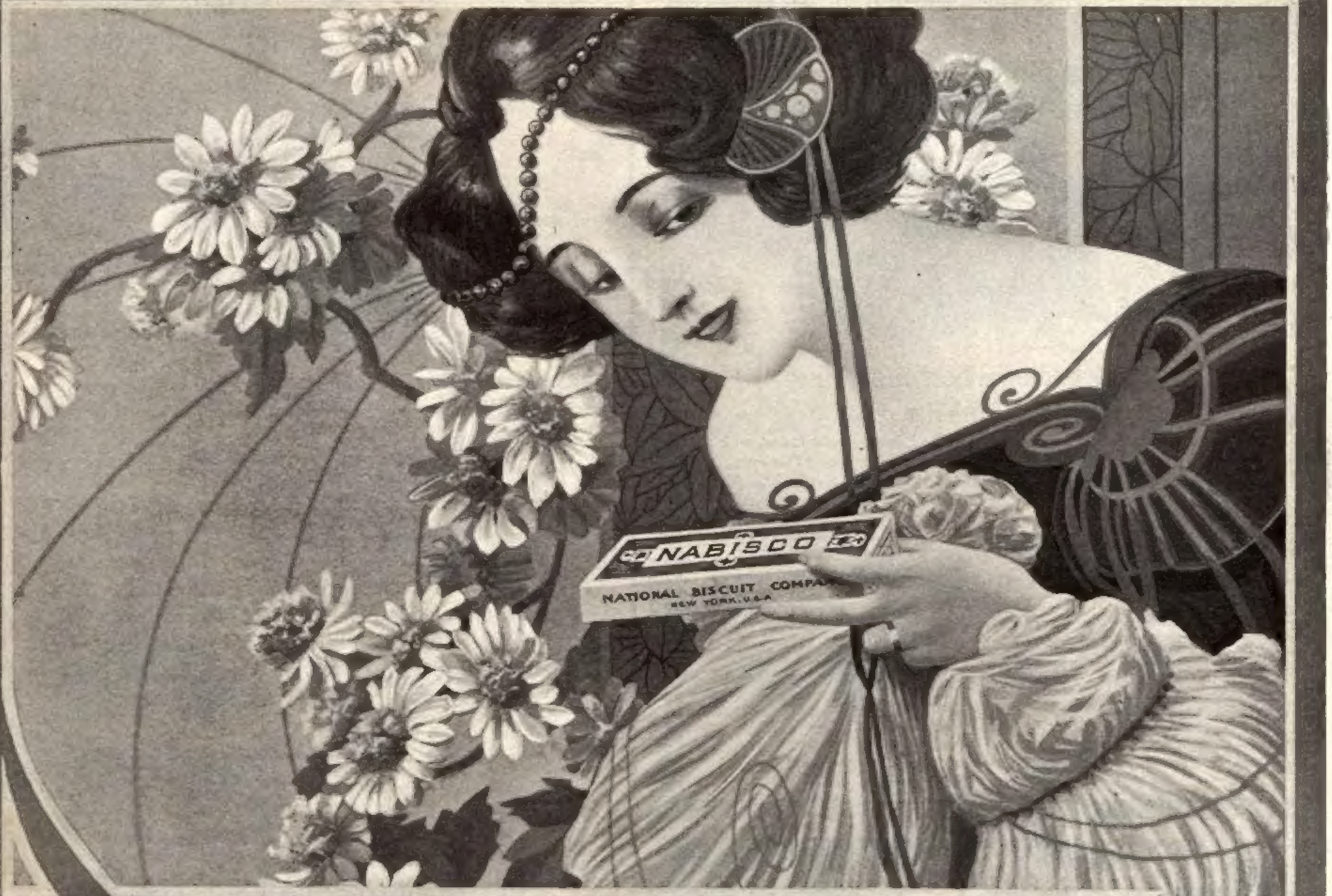
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